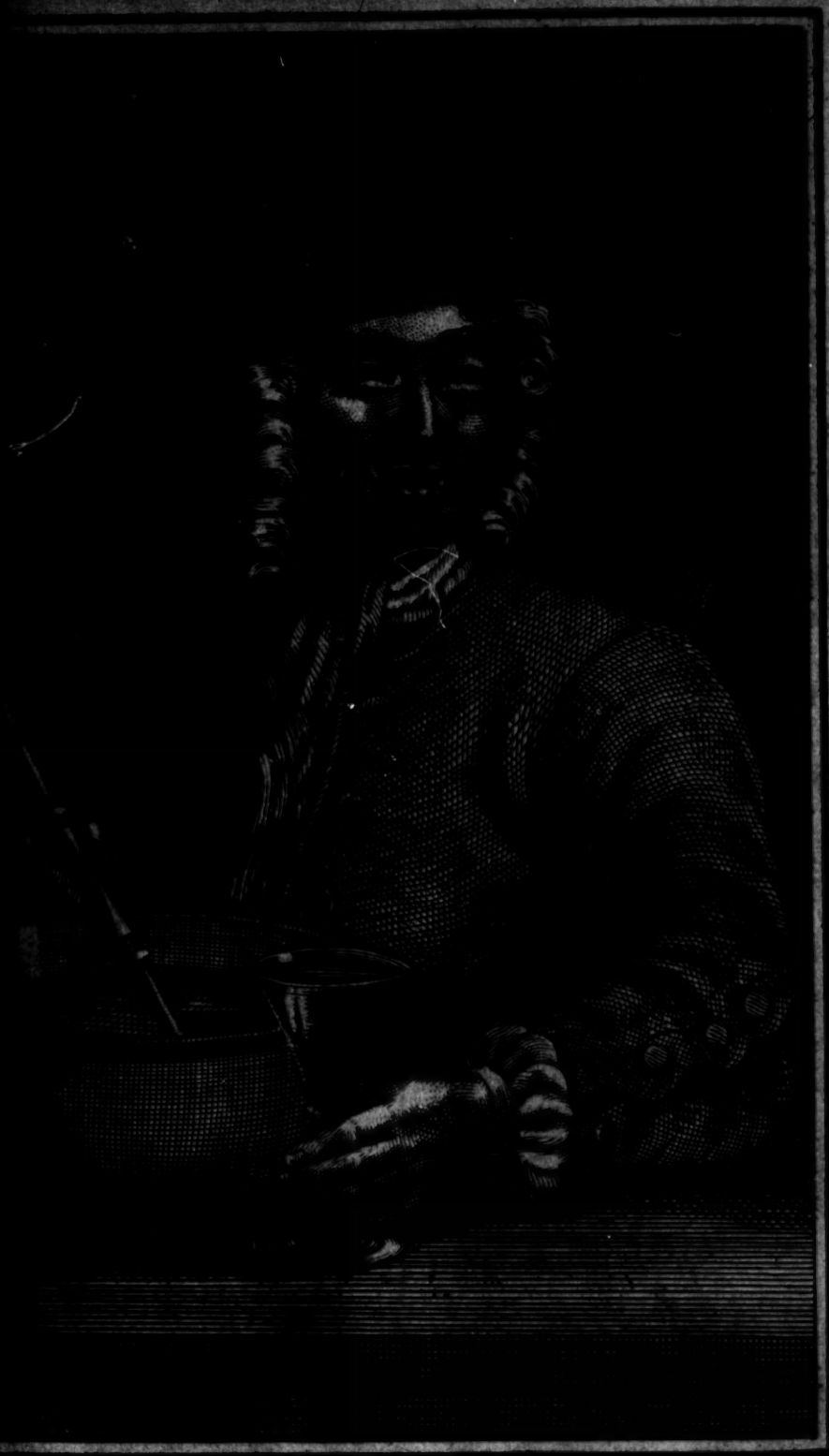
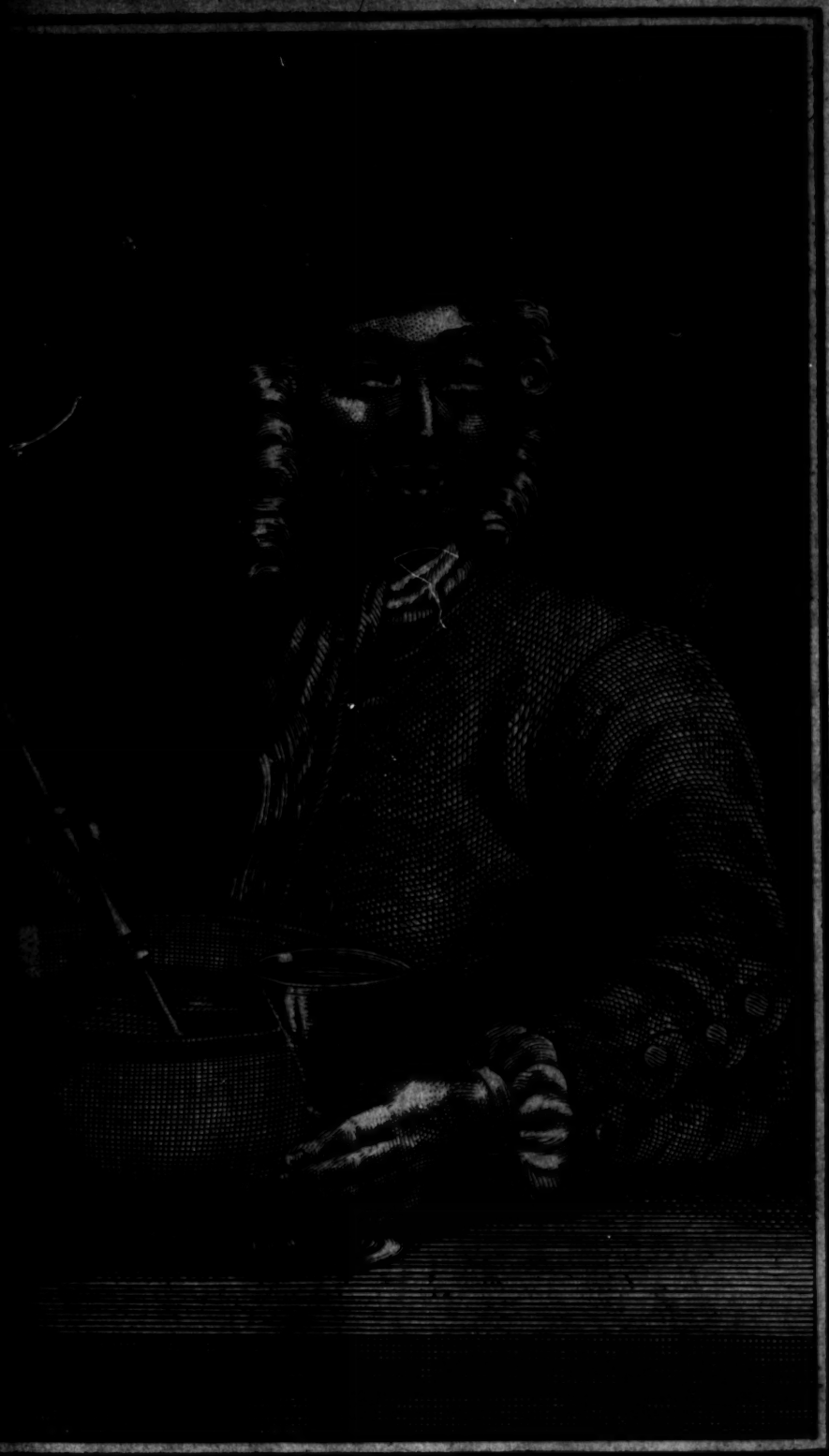


Love, brave Boys, the happy, jolly Soul. — All his Ambition terminates in This;
Swimming Eyes laughs o'er the Sparkling Bowl, While This remains, he Seeks no nobler Bliss.
Cares disturb his unmolested Brain; — Life, with its Gaieties, unheeded Pass, —
Interest, & Beauty, show their Charms in vain. If PUNCH regales him w^th a Smiling Glass.



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A 1486 aaa

# LETTER

FROM

## Capt. *Flip* to Major *Bumbo*:

Wherein are Vindicated, the

## *Injured* CHARACTERS

Of the Late BRAVE

## *ADMIRAL PUNCH*,

And His moſt Accompliſh'd Daughters, The Ladies

## *Arrack, Coniac, Royal-Gin & Rumbo.*

SHEWING,

To a *Demonſtration*, the *Signal Services* this Honourable and Worthy *Family* have done, and may do to this NATION, in any *Expedition*,

EITHER TO

## *Spithead*, or the *Weſt-Indies*;

The Neceſſity of Reſtoring the degraded *Admiral* to His former Poſt; the beneficial Conſequences of permitting his four amiable *Daughters* to converſe freely with our couragious *Sailors*.

---

*Wrote in the* Marine *Style*,
By an *Officer* on *Half-Pay* in the *Royal-Navy*.

---

*LONDON*:
Printed by *W. Lloyd* in *Chancery-Lane*, and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1738.

(Price One-Shilling.)

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57
SEP

# To the Unfortunate Companies of *Diſtillers*, *Inn-holders*, *Coffee-houſe-Men* and *Victuallers*; and to all the *Good Souls* in *England*.

*GENTLEMEN*,

I *HOPE*, *you well remember, that on St.* Michael's-*Day, according to our Account in ſacred Hiſtory, there were ſeven evil Spirits, viz.* Belzebub, Lucifer, Satan, Belial, Aſmodeus, Moloch, *and* Apollyon, *who for falſly accuſing their Brethren before the Grand Throne in Heaven, were tumbled over-board into outward Darkneſs, by* Michael *and his good Spirits, for their Pains. And ſometime before this Day two Years paſt, a Storm began, and did ariſe by certain factious Spirits, and occaſioned the ſeven good Spirits (deſigned for the Uſe of Man, viz.* Rice, Sugar, Grapes, Juniper, Wheat, Annis *and* Barley, *which at the great Deſire of the old grand ſtern Spirit* J—— J——'s, *and his lying Spirits) to be tumbled over-board alſo, but not into outward Darkneſs.*

*AND you have a Reaſon (with a Witneſs) to know that you may purchaſe, for Six-pence, not only*

*only a Copy of your Orders, but an Account of your being ſhipwrecked on dry Land.*

*I, upon Honour, pity your Caſe, and for that Reaſon ſtow it (as you may plainly ſee) at my Larboard-Bow, next my Heart. And I preſent you with a Cheer-up* my brave Souls; You Hearts of Gold; *Let's never mind the Weather; for Bl—d and N—s I am ſometimes a Brother-ſufferer myſelf, by being half-pay-ſeedy, cannot purchaſe two Gallons of each; but I have ſtill ſome Ammunition in my Main-Top, that almoſt overſets me, ſo I will lower it upon Deck, at your Service, and let fly, not in the leaſt fearing the Victory, three Rounds to one Broad-ſide. And doubt not, within myſelf, but before you receive my next Packet, to hear you are as ſafely moored as thoſe Gentlemen are who ride amidſt continual Fire and Smoak, puffed from a certain ſalutary Weed, called* Tobacco. *I will not run-a-head any longer on your Patience, but immediately tack about, and ſalute your with my being from Head to Stern*

*Your Horizontal Equinoctial*

*Humble Servant,*

F. F.

# *Admiral* PUNCH
## HIS
# ADVOCATE, &c.

*SIR,*

KNOWING you have formerly ſerved in the Wars in *Flanders*, and elſewhere; and have gone Paſſenger on board ſeveral of his Majeſty's Ships, and love to hear of the Welfare of your Country; if you think the following worth your Peruſal any idle Half-Hour, it is heartily at your Service; otherwiſe, throw it Overboard into the *Penny-Poſt* Long-boat, and it will be ſafely brought to the Harbour of

*From my Lodgings*
*in* Half-Pay *Court*
*near* Charing Croſs.

*Your moſt obedient*
*Humble Servant,*
FERDINANDO FLIP.

IT has happened, that withing theſe few Years, I have ſerved on board two of his Majeſty's Ships; and I know a Piece of Pork from a Piece of Parchment. I came on Shore, ſince Madam *Gin*, and the Reſt, received Sentence: Surely, She and her Siſters have been ſad B——s, that their Judges ſhould uſe them ſo ſeverely,

as not to allow them a *Sunday* after Condemnation; juſt as I remember *Blewit*, *Frazier*, &c. notorious Villains, were ſerved ſome Years ago, at *Kingſton upon Thames*: But, as She and her Siſters would be the ſpoiling of moſt of his Majeſty's Subjects, eſpecially Soldiers and Seamen, and their Breeding Wives; I think, I can make it appear as impoſſible, in that Reſpect, as for the *Parliament*-Houſe, to ride at an Anchor in the *Downs*; and 'till thoſe Gentlemen * could be ſenſible of the Hardſhips of our Seamen and Soldiers, (nay, our Officers not excepted) by actually feeling them. They ſhould have ſought out *Solomon*'s old Counſellors, (brave Commanders) who have been at the Tryal of the Strength of the People, from 1702, down to great Part of the Reign of his late Majeſty; at the Head of a brave Regiment, or on Board a brave Ship, of ſeventy or eighty Guns: I believe if their Opinions were asked, they would not have been for diſpiriting the poor People on any Account whatſoever, well knowing, that an *Engliſhman* intended for the Wars, either by Land, or by Sea, ought to have his Body hardened and tempered in good Liquor, like to the Blade of his Broad-Sword, and Cock of his Firelock, (which all the the Vulcans know cannot be performed without) to make them fit for Service.

I HAVE not read the *Gin*-Act, nor heard it read, I do aſſure you; but have been told, that the chief Reaſon, is to prevent the poor Women bringing weakly, puny, half-ſtarved Children into the World, occaſioned by drinking Strong Liquors; and that this is the Opinion of ſome eminent Doctors of Phyſick. I wonder how the D——l they ſhould underſtand the Conſtitutions of poor Men and their Wives, and how they beget and breed up Children; it cannot be by their Practice; I will be judged by all Men as to that, for they'll be hanged before they'll attend a poor Woman, in the utmoſt Extremity, to ſee what ſhe brings forth under a Guinea, and be paid beſore-hand in the Bargain, which is ſometimes twenty Shillings more than a poor Man has by him at that Time: On the other Hand, there has been for ſome Years paſt, and ſtill, ſuch a Gulph of Pride and Covetouſneſs between them

* The Grand Jury of Middleſex preſented the Maſquerade-Houſe in the Hay-Market as a Nuiſance. Upon which it was called an Aſſembly Houſe: So the good Intent of the Gentlemen Jurors (of which B---ie, Eſq; was Foreman) was cunningly turned Keel upwards.

them and poor People, and other such Gentry as they are, that, if a poor man and his wife goes to almost any of their Houses, they may as soon break their Necks as their Fast; and to their Fame be it spoken, instead of asking how many children they have, and how they do, or such like Talk, they'll sooner sneak out of the Way for Fear the Poor Man or Woman should ask them for a Mouthful of Bread or a Horn of Beer. Fine knowing Zealots for improving the breed of the poor People, the Strength of this nation?

If these Gentlemens intended Reasons [for I do not hear they have given any yet] should proceed from their profound Learning or Cunning; and so, either by dint of Gold, or some magick best known to themselves, in our Absence, board our Wives, and try how many Knots they'll run an Hour, *The Lord have Mercy upon us!* (poor Sea-Bucks) what a fine Generation of Mopsticks shall we have then for the Strength of the Nation!

I WOULD not be thought an Advocate for Drunkards, or any other Sinners whatsoever; but if the Poor be the Strength of the Nation I am sure of being on the right side the Compass, and shall always stand by my Colours, and keep a good look out for the *Guarda-la Costa*'s, and also all Land Pyrates of my Countrymen's Liberty and Property. At this Rate we shall be finely buffooned by every old, worn out, domineering Lawyer, who never saw the Strength of the Nation, only when on the Circuit, no more than the meagre Doctors, who visit their Patients in a Coach and six from *London* to *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, or elsewhere, where they at last show their Strength (with a Witness) by poisonining their Benefactors ——I am just now thinking of *Ben Johnson's Alchymist*, and should every old Mortal, that has all his Life-time rock'd a Cradle, but never could fumble out a Child to put in it, pretend to know Constitutions, wearing a long, black, Rudder-Gown, and having a long equitable Head, F—e E——s, L————n J——s, Sp——w M————th, and C————r C————n, if he can but *Box his Compass* now and then in his own Cabin, to some of his Ships Company: I say, shall such a Mortal pretend to come on Board the Flag, and doctor the Ship's Company, persuading the Admiral that most of the Fleet would fling their Strength over-board if they drank Rice Tea, or any

Tea of that Kind. But I am of Opinion, that ſuch an old *Elymas* would have ſcratch'd any Man's Name out of the Muſter-Roll, or broke open his Locker, if he had no Liquor himſelf, had he been in the bad Weather that his Majeſty was lately in, coming from *Holland*, rather than he would have gone without a Pop to keep up his Courage.

I CANNOT help obſerving the Advice the learned Somebodies give our Law-makers. Why truly one has got a drunken Wife; therefore the whole Nation are weaken'd in their Conſtitutions. I being a plain down-right Tar, pretend to know but little of State-affairs; yet I know this, if a Man has no Spirits, he'll never fight. And notwithſtanding ſome of our Phyſicians, ſay, How did we fight and work, before the ſpirituous Liquors were known? but as our ſuperiors thought it once neceſſary to encourage the drinking them; they are become Part of our Nouriſhment; and I would humbly beg Leave to obſerve; that it would be very hard for our Great Men, who have been us'd to drink a Bottle of good Port or Champaign, or a Bowl of Rice Tea or Coniac and have three or four Diſhes for their Dinners, to be oblig'd to live all of a ſudden upon Bread and Cheeſe and ſmall Beer. Beſides it would appear very ſtrange at this time, if we ſhould go naked, and have our Women in common, becauſe it was the ancient Cuſtom of this Nation and our Forefathers practis'd it.

WOULD it not be thought unreaſonable for a Commander to order the Boat's-Crew to be put into the Bilboes becauſe one of them got drunk? And ſuppoſing, on the other Hand, that an unfortunate drunken Sinner happened to be expoſed in the Street, it is to be hoped he was not one in Five Hundred of his Majeſty's Subjects that was at that Time guilty of being drunk. What! And muſt their Five Hundred ſuffer for his Sake? Not only them, but their Families, nay, it will be a Puniſhment to the Unborn: Where theſe Things will end, Time muſt bring forth, and I do not doubt but it will appear who are the Waſps and Drones from the true Hive Honey Bees: But more of this by-and-by ——As for ſuch Bread and Cheeſe Quality as ſend their Servants to Chandlers Shops, where they idle away their Time, and ſuffer their Maſters or Miſtreſſes to be cheated by their being bribed with Drams Rum, Brandy, Juniper, Anniſeed, or ſuch Liquors, I

adviſe

adviſe ſuch Gentry to deal with ſome ſubſtantial Shop-Keeper; there are Hundreds would be glad, in and about the City of *London*, to be their humble Servants for their ready Money, where the *Penny-Poſt* may order a good *Cheſhire*-Cheeſe, or Tub of Butter, or Loaf of Sugar, or any Thing they want, and ſo keep their Servants at home; and if they are grip'd give them, now-and-then, a Dram out of their own Bottle, which may probably prevent them from ſtealing in the firſt Opportunity. But it is a little worth Obſervation what an Effect that wiſe Scheme has had on the little Half penny Tiplers: For whereas, before they were about half a Minute in *Bunging their Eye* with a Half-penny Pop of cold *Gin*, they now, to mend the Matter, are ſometimes half an Hour drinking a Jorum of hot *Mount-Pleaſant*, and have the Impudence to take it ſitting inſtead of ſtanding. But, alaſs! poor Soldiers and Sailors, called the Strength and Bulwark of theſe Kingdoms, to be oblig'd to Face the Enemy like Dogs without Teeth: Who would have thought the Heart of Man could have conceived ſuch Miſchief to founder a poor Brother in the Midſt of a mercileſs Ocean!

*AS ſoon as Queen* ELIZABETH, *of glorious Memory, was told that Her Seamen worked Nights as well as Days, ſhe immediately ordered their Allowance to be doubled, ſaying, if they work'd they muſt eat and drink well; otherwiſe their brave Courage would too ſoon be wanting.*

I'LL now down Fore-Top-Sail and Main-Sail, and bring too, intending to give thoſe Gentlemen a Broad-Side of Reaſon if poſſible——HUZZA! my brave Souls!—King GEORGE for ever!——HUZZA——we'll take in their firſt Fire my Boys and ſo point our Guns in Order.

THE learned Gentlemen aſſert, *That if a poor Woman brings forth a brave hearty Boy he is like to make a good Man to ſerve his Country.*

I, UPON Honour, believe the ſame.

THEY ſay again, *That, if a poor Woman drinks Strong Liquors ſhe generally brings into the World a puny, ſhrivel'd, half ſtarved Child, which never will be fit to ſerve his Country.*

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE that to be a grand Miſtake, upon Honour, for how often does it happen, that a poor Woman with Child, in the Time of her Longing, ſhall eat a midling Shoulder, or Leg of Mutton, a Pig, or a Gooſe, at a Meal; in ſhort, as much as half a Dozen hungry Men; Others again, have drank half a Dozen Quarts of Ale, or Strong Beer; others Wine; others Punch; others Brandy; others Geneva, unaccountably at a Sitting, yet not be drunk nor even Towe-rowe; and ſtill commonly bring forth a brave Child; according to your new-faſhion'd Notions the Child muſt be chiefly a Compound of Mutton, Pig, or Gooſe; otherwiſe, if the Woman drank too largely of Geneva it muſt produce a Child compounded of Buff, Bones, and Sulphur. Indeed, Gentlemen, I think you had better employed your Studies in finding out another Rabbit-Breeder, and ſo have been ſecond *St. Andre*'s * than to have por'd into the Conſtitutions of poor People, the Strength of the Nation.

*HOW is it poſſible for you to have Knowledge of ſtrong Conſtitutions, when you never deal in them; if being pox'd or clapp'd was the Strength of the Nation, you probably might have ſome Notions of the Affair; your* M. D. *intitles you to the Knowledge of* Purgation *and* Evacuation *only, and not to eating* Roaſt-Beef *and* Plumb-Pudding.

THERE is nothing more common under the Sun, than for poor, half-ſtarved, looking Women to bring into the World larger Children (let them eat or drink what they will) than fat, luſty, comely Women, fit to grace a Coronation Proceſſion, ever do either in Town or Country. ——How often do loving Girls, when they find themſelves with Child, take poiſonous Things, to make them miſcarry, the Poiſon ſhall bring them almoſt to Death's Door, ſtill they ſhall be delivered of brave live Children.

*IF you had ſearched among the* Log-*Books and* Journals *of your old Pilots, who ſailed in a Chariot*

* There never was a greater Impoſtor in his Way than Monſieur St. Andre, Body Surgeon to his late Majeſty King George I. Firſt by impoſing on the People an Account of his being attempted to be poiſoned; ſecondly, by impoſing on his Prince and People in the Affair of Mrs. Toft, of Godalmin, the pretended Rabbit-Breeder.

*riot and Pair before you was born, they'd have inform'd you of Hundreds of Inſtances to prove the Contrary of what you have aſſerted to be true.*

I THINK your Opinion likewiſe was, *That the woful Conſequences could not be diſcerned at preſent, but that, in two or three Generations to come it would be ſeen; that we ſhould make ſad Hug-bug of our Strength, if we were not debarred drinking of Strong Liquors.* (Pray what muſt become of our dear Friends the *Dutch*? who have ſwam in it for an Age, and do ſtill drink Three to One more than ever the *Engliſh* did or can.) This Article almoſt makes me ſweat; I am quite aſhamed on't; has his Majeſty taken a Leaſe of the King of Heaven for theſe Kingdoms for Generations to come? May we not all be changed in a Moment? Then, what will it avail who drinks Strong Liquors, or who does not? Can any of your Profeſſion, at this Time, or ever, tell whether a Woman travaileth with a Boy or a Girl? How ſhould you know then, what will be the Conſequence of Generations to come, concerning the Size of poor People's Children? This is ſtill worſe and worſe; I am almoſt tired of my Quill, ſo will recommend you to Dr. *Ratcliff* for your Reward, who I don't doubt in the leaſt of giving you many a hearty Sweat round the Hoop for a Fair-Wind, for cauſing an Embargo to be laid on his Rice-Tea, *alias*, hot Arrack-Punch; one of the beſt Preſcriptions he ever made uſe of, as he himſelf had uſed to ſay.

AND if telling him wherein the Strength of this Kingdom lies will be of any Service, together with a little Packet out of my Journal, of Things paſt (I ſhan't pretend to acquaint you with any Thing to come) will keep off a merry Dozen, now-and-then, from the *Doctor*'s Cat of nine Tails, or from eating a Platter full of Sulphur, or a Fricaſey of Ground-Toads. Sweat you, he will, you may depend upon it, as ſure as Captain *Teach*, alias *Black Beard*, ever ſweated an honeſt *Briſtol* Captain. I ſay, as News is acceptable in ſtrange Places, take it whilſt you may have it, for fear my Mind ſhould change, for I do not half like ye, neither the Profeſſors of Lying, and Poiſoning (two dangerous Companions) and ought to be ſhunn'd.

*I THINK*

*I THINK we agree, That if a poor Woman brings forth a ſtrong champion Boy, he is like to become a ſtout Man, fit to turn out to ſerve his King; and that a weakly puny Child is not.—— A very learned Obſervation!*

Now Sirs, ſuppoſing his Majeſty ordered a Squadron of Ships to be got ready; the firſt Thing is having them dock'd, ſearch'd, painted, *&c.* The Commander of each Ship alſo hoiſts his Pendant on Board, to give Notice for Men to enter. As ſoon as the Ship comes out of the Dock, ſhe is brought a long Side a large Veſſel called a Hulk; here ſhe has her Maſts put in; after this ſhe is brought to an Anchor in order to be rigg'd, and takes in her Stores, *&c.* But this cannot be done without the poor Men, what you call the Strength of the Nation. Now it often happens that ſome of theſe Ships ſhall be immediately mann'd with brave ſtout Fellows, as if by Enchantment, and go to Sea as their Orders directs: And why is it? Becauſe the Men are ſure of good Uſage; others again, ſhall ſcarce get Hands to go to the *Nore*, *Downs*, or any Place of Rendezvous, and mann'd with Tag-Rag and Bob-Tail: But here is not much of the Strength of the Nation on Board theſe, without it be in Millions of Vermin—— Lice.

*YOU having given your learned Opinions, that drinking Strong Liquors was the Ruin, and would totally ſpoil the Breed of his Majeſty's poor Subjects, the Strength of the Nation.*

To whom I humbly Appeal, (to all) from the Right Honourable the Lords of the Admiralty down to the loweſt Captain *Swabber*; That it is as impoſſible for a King's Ship to go to Sea without Strong Liquors and Tobacco, as it would be for her to go a Voyage without Sails and Rudder, and would be a Means of killing moſt of the Men, or ſending them Sick on Shoar.

If a Man of War goes up the *Baltick* every Man and Boy is allowed (by the King) half a Pint of Brandy each Day: If they go to the *Weſt-Indies*, half a Pint of Rum each Day. I think it very odd it muſt, at laſt, poiſon them and their Generations to come.

Next, I intend to make it appear to yourselves, and all Mankind, that your *Ahithophel* Counsel, if pursued, instead of increasing the Strength of the Nation, will be the only Means of rending it asunder; that is, the Hearts of the People from their Sovereign, by making them turn Smuglers, and commit other vile Actions against their Countrymen; then enter into foreign Service to screen themselves. And as to the spoiling the Breed, the Strength of the Nation, I am sure you know nothing of the Matter at present.

But, as bad as it is, you are going to make it a hundred Times worse. If you had been sincere Lovers of your Countrymen, you would have prescribed some Syrrup of Saffron to have mixed with the *Mexico*; and then you might have made them jump over, and back again, at a Word; but now they'll be as surly, and clumsy, as a *Yorkshire*-Horse-stealer with his Iron-Boots on.

We are now come to the main Point, the poor Men to go on Board the Ships, what you call the Strength of the Nation, wherein you have informed the World,

> *That, if they are not debarred from drinking Strong Liquors they will injure themselves and Wives, and spoil their Generations to come.*

I deny it from Head to Stern, and say, that if a Man has not Strong Liquors on Board, he is beginning the Destruction of himself and Family: (I'll let the Generation alone) And will make it appear, that except a Man not only has Strong Liquors, but a Sufficiency thereof, he stands a Chance to have a hard Struggle with Death before he comes Home; for the Midnight Stench of a King's Ship gives often as fatal a Blow to a green or new entered Man, as one of her eight-and-forty Pounders; and that a Landman that thinks of doing his Country Service, and acting the Part of a good Husband to his Family, had much better stay at Home, and work for Half a Crown a Week than to go on Board a King's Ship badly fitted out.——I am sure a Seaman won't go.

In Fitting-out, a Man ought to have a Chest about ten Shillings Price, not too large, it cannot be too strong; a Bed like a common Bolster, a Pillow, a Blanket, a Rug or Coverlid, six chequ'd Shirts, three or four Handkerchiefs and black Stocks or Neckcloaths, two Pair of

Worſted Gloves, four Worſted Caps, ſix Pair of Stockings, two Pair of Shoes, Hat, ſome Mint, Balm, Sage dried, Pepper, Vinegar, Flower of Muſtard, Onions, Shallots, Thyme, three or four Pounds of Hard-Soap, one Dozen of Sugar, two Pounds of Tobacco, (after a Man has been a Month on Board he may have Tobacco upon Credit of the Purſer) Pipes, Pens, Ink, Paper, Wafers, ſome Gingerbread, a Pewter-Spoon and Porringer, a Pewter-Plate, Coat, Waiſtcoat and Breeches, a Sauce-Pan and Porridge-Pot, Knife and Fork, a *Bible*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, or any Book he fancies: All theſe Things muſt be in his Cheſt, except the Bed and Porridge-Pot. And if the Ship takes in ſix Months Proviſions a Man cannot expend leſs than an Anchor of Strong Liquors in that Time, whether he takes it from Home or not; good *Engliſh* Gin of about two Shillings and Sixpence a Gallon ought to be more than half the Quantity of Liquors; Beſides his Great or Watch-Coat, Upper and Under-Jacket, Breeches, (which Pluſh are the propereſt) Frock and Trouſers, Stockings, Shoes, *&c.*

Next he goes on Board, and is with a *How do you do Brother Ship-Mate? You are welcome on Board*; his Cheſt and Bedding hoiſted in, and carried down in a Whiff; his Hammock ſlung, and ſometimes a Wrangle happens among them between Decks, who ſhall have him for a Meſs-mate, he looking clean and briſk; their Cheſts are opened, Pork and Peaſe, Beef and Pudding, ſet before him, where they eat and drink merrily, every one ſtriving to help the Stranger: After this a Dram goes round to each, then a Can or two of Flip to the Health of his Majeſty and the Royal Family, their Captain, and who they think proper; then to Singing, and then to Bed.

And it generally happens, if the Ship be almoſt mann'd, that this new entered Man ſhall, in two or three Nights Time, be ſeized in his Hammock or Bed with a violent Reaching, and be ſick almoſt to Death, with the Stench of the Ship: As ſoon as his Meſsmates hear him complain one of them immediately turns-out, unlocks his own Cheſt, takes out his Bottle, gives it to the Stranger, crying, *Drink it off Brother if you can; there's no other Cure for you.* The ſick Man drinks and generally turns-out well in the Morning. Then they adviſe him always to drink a Dram in the Morning the firſt Thing he does, otherwiſe

otherwiſe he'll ſurely be ſick, it is as ſure a Cure as for Iron to hinder the Thunder ſow'ring Beer, ſay they. If he happens to be ſerved ſo afterwards he knows how to help himſelf.

As soon as the Ship is getting ready for Sailing, then it is ſoon perceived who are the aukard Strength of the Nation; amongſt the Reſt this is one; up comes a Boatſwain's-Mate to him, with a *What are we about here Brother? I don't know rightly myſelf*, ſays the Stranger, *it is what they bid me do; I never was on Ship-board before. So I believe*, ſays the other; *Have you got any Rum? I have Brandy myſelf. That I have at your Service Maſter*, ſays the Stranger. *Go down and I'll follow you*, ſays the other. It often happens to prove the beſt Dram he ever gave away in his Life, if he intends to learn to be a Sailor. And he muſt alſo learn to be a Soldier; whereof there is a Maſter of Arms to teach him Military Diſcipline, who has a Corporal and his Mates under him, who have generally been good old Soldiers, and will tell him he can never learn to ſet his Toes right till they taſte his Courage in a Can of Beer with ſome Gin and Sugar in it.

The Ship being under Sail, and tho' making little or no Motion, our new Man is Sea-ſick, (no Sickneſs worſe, nor none wholeſomer) But the Stranger wants to be cured; his Meſs-mates help him to a Dram, (Rum is beſt) telling him, *There's no other Cure*; ſo from one Dram to half a Dozen, or more ſometimes, 'till he gets rid of it; and ſo becomes a ſtout Fellow again; jumps and skips about like a Bottle-Noſe, thinking himſelf clear of all Sands or Shoals; and it often happens to prove ſo. On the other Hand, a Butt of Beer happens to be a little tart, he drinks a hearty Draught, it may be a Can full, after a good Meal of Salt Beef or Pork, thinking no more of Harm than he does of jumping Over-board; but commonly in leſs than an Hour he is ſeized with a racking Pain at the Bottom of his Belly; cannot piſs, or ſcarce ſtoop, and walks about, and looks as if he had the Foul Diſeaſe. Here again he complains to his Meſs-mates, and is very uneaſy; they laugh at him, but tell him *They'll cure him*, and bid him give one of them the Key of his Cheſt, which he does; (this is commonly the firſt Time of uſing the Spoon and Porringer) when he that happens to be Nurſe fills it with Gin (no other Liquor is compa-

rable to it to move the Cauſe immediately) puts ſome Mint to it, gets it burned, and ſweetens it, and gives it his ſick Meſs-mate, and makes him drink Half; the other Half belongs to the Nurſe for his Care: In a little Time the Stranger ſhall begin to ſweat, and ſoon after be taken with a Trembling and fall to piſſing and farting as if he was a Hulk of Wind and Water, and had ſprung a Leak, and ſo gets rid of his Pain. If he wants again he may help himſelf and ſave half a Pint of Gin in the Bargain. Sometimes the Peaſe not being well boil'd will cauſe the Gripes; here is no ready Help in this Caſe but a Glaſs of good *Engliſh* Gin, and the Bowel-Fight is over.

Our Stranger proving an active brisk Fellow gets quartered in the Main-Top: It happens to be a fine clear Night when he goes on his Watch, ſoon after it ſhall thunder and rain during the whole four Hours; he ſoon gets wet to the skin, having as much Shelter as he would have upon *St. Paul's Croſs*; notwithſtanding, when he comes down he muſt go to Bed in the Dark: But in this Caſe he fumbles out a good Dram and a Piece of Gingerbread, and there's no Harm done this Bout.

In three or four Months Time (if he happens to be upon the Coaſt) ſomething proffers in the Way, that he asks a Week's Liberty to go and ſee his Wife; it is granted upon promiſe of keeping his Word: Here his Meſs-mates fit him out, with a Piece of Beef, or a Piece of Pork, and ask him if he left his Wife Money when he came away, or in Credit: If he anſwers, no, they'll bid him fill a Couple of Bottles of Strong Liquors, and cut ſome Gingerbread, and hurry away, telling him, *A Man never wants a brisk Gale, nor a quick Paſſage, ſo long as he ſtands by his Fore-Tack, and carries the Tail of his Wife's Smock in his Teeth for a Flying Gyb.* The Man comes Home, is kindly received of his Wife; ſhe tells him ſhe has got no Money; however, ſhe has not run him in Debt; hoping alſo, that as ſhe had been a good and faithful Wife to him he'll always prove the ſame to her, and ſo on; that by-and-by there will come a Lump of Money, to make them both live happy hereafter: He grows ſleepy; ſhe bids him go to Bed; *No*, ſays he, *I know a Trick worth two of that*, Beſs; *fetch me one of the Bottles, but I have no Money no more than you; Have you Credit for a Halfpenny-worth of Small-Beer and as much Sugar? Ay, that I have my Dear*, ſays ſhe,

and

and fetches it: *Now*, Beſs, ſays he, *I'll ſhow you how we live on Board a King's Ship, (for every Evening we are all called to Dancing, and are as merry as Bees) and have ten Times more Mirth than at Home.* He then pours out a Quarter of a Bottle, ſweetens it to his Fancy, then they drink and talk a-while; at laſt he jumps into Bed in a Hurry, where, I don't doubt, but they ſteer their Courſe that Night towards a Good-Breed, the Strength of the Nation, not only as well, but many Degrees better, than if they had a Bowl full of Viper-Broth, or Fum-Fum-Jellies, or had given your Spewſhips a large Procreation-Fee, and is cheated in the Bargain. Some good Women affirm, that ſuch a *Jack-Addle*'s Night's Lodging is worth a King's thirteen Months Pay due to their Husbands.

The next Morning he gets up, has his Beard knocked off, Hair powdered, clean Shirt, black Shoes, oaken Stick, and a long Pipe in his Mouth; out he and his Wife go; this Day is generally employ'd in delivering Letters, Loves and Services, and ſuch like; he gets his Loading two or three Times at leaſt; ſtaggers Home at Night, and is quietly moor'd in his Bed 'till Morning; when up he gets; *Now*, Beſs, ſays he, *there's nothing like a Hair of the ſame Dog; get as much Small-Beer and Sugar as you did before; we ſhan't ſee one another again this good While.* She gets it; in come three or four of his former Acquaintance; here's ſhaking Hands, and a Platter full of Joy, that they ſhould meet together again: Then they drink and tell him, ſince they ſee a Man of War's Life agrees ſo well with him they'll all go on Board, and ſo enter accordingly: He then goes with them, and tells them what Neceſſaries to buy to fit themſelves out; and they all in two or three Days Time go down, and on Board together. A pleaſanter Sight from a Quarter-Deck than forty poor ragged preſs'd Men to come on Board the Ship.

Now, I believe, an Admiral ſent with a Squadron of Ships upon a dangerous Expedition to ſerve his King and Country, would think it a heavenly Breakfaſt to ſee ten Thouſand ſuch Men muſter'd before him, tho', perhaps, not one Seaman among them all, and almoſt promiſe himſelf Succeſs by the Sight of his Eyes, and think he has got his Share of the poor People, the Strength of the Nation;

Nation; ſo Fear becomes a Stranger to him, in every Degree.

Now if my Drudging for your Meaning (if you had any) I have I think to Truth drawn out your Man to the Life, and in the Colours he has appeared in Time out of Mind, being willing to let ſuch of my Countrymen know, (as have not been at Sea in the King's Service) what you call the Strength of the Nation, you have ſo fooliſhly jaw'd about before (*The whole Nation's Ship's Company.*) Tho' all I have ſaid in General is no more than what almoſt every Dumpling-Woman knows, and every Cabin-Boy would anſwer ſooner than Box his Compaſs. We will admit it may be poſſible, that ye may gain an odd Wrinkle or two. Next Place, I want to know how we muſt ſquare our Yards, or ſtrike a Ballance in this Particular following?

*Your Profoundſhips ſay, there ought to be no Strong Liquors at all uſed, on any Account whatſoever (except Sickneſs) particularly Gin.*

In this Caſe, according to the Allowance that a Man is of common Neceſſity obliged to provide for himſelf, (as I have before taken Notice) there are Forty Thouſand Gallons, at leaſt of Strong Liquors wanting; whereof a Quantity of good *Engliſh* Gin is abſolutely neceſſary to be had; which if the Men are not permitted to carry it on Board, the Squadron will be ſoon ſaluted by either the *Monſieurs* or *Mynheers*, who knowing their Neceſſity will make a Property of the poor Men, who muſt, and will have it at any Rate.

This is more cruel than all the reſt! A Man to have a poor Brother or Friend, a Dealer in Strong Liquors, and not ſuffered to help him to relieve his Family, but be forced to lay out his ready Money (here is no Truck in the Caſe) with one he never ſaw before, nor perhaps never ſhall again. This alſo will be the Caſe of all poor Men in the Merchants Service; alſo Coaſters, Fiſhermen, &c. who will be obliged to lay out their Money with Foreign Floating-Gin-Shops.

If the Nation is ſtrengthned by it, much Good may it do them that feel it. As for the Juſtice as would be done, I do not believe the bloody Emperor of *Morocco*, nor

nor even the D——l himſelf, would ſuffer it to paſs their Great Seals.

Now, I'll inform you, and all my Countrymen, whom theſe may concern; That for want of Strong Liquors, either through Scarcity of Money, or want of Experience (Time out of Mind) has now and then been the fatal Cauſe of the entire Ruin, in this Reſpect, of a Man and his Family, in every Degree, as promiſing towards the Strength of the Nation, as thoſe already mentioned. And ſuppoſing the Man to be as well fitted out; is got on Board his Ship; is as well received, and uſed in the ſame Manner the firſt Night he came on Board as the other was, by his Ship-mates; both Ships in one Harbour, or Place of Rendezvous; yet ſtill one Man ſhall ſail ſafe out of the Harbour, and go to Sea; the other Man ſhall be Shipwreck'd before he gets to the Harbour's-Mouth, and all for want of Strong Liquors.

The new Man being on Board, as before-mentioned, we will ſuppoſe the Boatſwain pipes all Hands about Five next Morning, our new Man turns-out well and brisk, and buſtles about among the reſt; at eight a Clock the Boatſwain pipes again to Breakfaſt, our Stranger appears, and eats with the ſame Men again as he did the laſt Night. After Breakfaſt the Men (his Meſs-mates) tell him, they expected to have a Pop out of his Bottle. He tells them, that the Perſon who lent him the Money to fit him out would not let him buy one Drop of Strong Liquors: Then, directly, there follows a Volley of Oaths and Curſes on him and his Bumaree too, telling him, he *might as well come on Board a Man of War without his Head as without Strong Liquors; and was getting himſelf ready in a Hurry for Sick-Quarters; or go to* Mocho *among the* Blacks; *when his Bumaree might pay himſelf and be damned if he would.* Says another, *I'll ſwear he has no* Wapping-*Landlord to deal with, for he'd expect his Money again, ſwimming in an Ocean of bleſſed Punch.* Says another, *It is ſome* Spittle-Fields *Hell-hound he deals with; they ſay a Man may ſail all Day with Bread and Cheeſe, and Small-Beer, for a Month together, and think himſelf well off; Damnation ſail with all ſuch Negroes, I ſay:* So a feign'd Laugh appears among them. The Boatſwain pipes, all Hands away, they ſcour upon Deck, where they are no ſooner got to work but their Jaw-work generally

generally begins, in making Obſervations on their new Meſs-mates; eſpecially if they appear in Sight. And ſuppoſing our new entered Man to be a ſtout Fellow on Shoar, not valuing who he takes by the Collar (if provok'd) ſtill he finds himſelf as it were in another World: And generally ſuch Men take Things to Heart, that run croſs to their Purpoſes, ſooner a great deal than others. At Twelve a Clock the Ship Bell is rung; the Boatſwain pipes all Hands to Dinner, our new Man comes to his Meſsmates, as he did at Eight in the Morning; ſits down on the Cheſt, and eats if he can. Says one, *How do you think of going the Voyage without Liquors? Do you think we, that have been at Sea all our Life-time, ſhould not be as willing to ſave our Money as you, if it was to be done?* The Man replies; *He ſees he is in the Wrong to come on Board and leave his Courage behind; but will immediately write to his Wife, who, he is ſure will ſend whatever he writes for*: They fall a Laughing, and tell him, *They wiſh he don't go a-ſhore before that comes on Board!* Then he tells 'em, *his Wife never deceived him yet, and he was ſure ſhe never would*: Then they laugh again, and damn him for a Fool to depend on his Wife, or any Body elſe while he was on Board a Man of War, without he had them lock'd up in his Cheſt.——*Now Gentlemen, for all your Laughing, I believe I have one of the beſt and meekeſt Wives in* England: *She'll tremble again at the very Sight of me if ſhe thought I was angry about any Thing.* *Ay, damn you,* ſay they, *you look like a ſad Dog to a Wife; ſo now ſhe'll be up with you: Do you think ſhe is ſuch a Fool to ſend that after you that will make her Heart merry at Home with a new Dick? No, no, there is nothing in it; we know better Things by Experience; and you will find it ſo too*: And ſo their Game goes round: At laſt the Man tells them, that, *If any Man will lend him ſome Liquors, as ſoon as his comes on Board he will certainly pay him, and make him Satisfaction in the Bargain.* They all directly anſwer, *No*; and ſay, *They will neither lend, nor ſell one Drop, to their beſt Friend in the World; for what they have will not laſt the Voyage.* The Boatſwain pipes, all Hands ſcour upon Deck, and ſo to work: By-and by comes one of his Meſs-mates upon Deck to him——*I tell you what Brother*, ſays he, *ſince you are in want of Liquor, I believe I can ſpare you one Bottle, if you'll leave a Shirt, or*

*any*

*any Thing in my Hands till your Liquor comes; but I cannot ſpare any more*; at the ſame Time, launching out a Volley of Oaths, that what he ſaid was true, charging him that it be kept a Secret from the reſt of the Meſs-mates, tho' they all know it at that inſtant. The Stranger gladly agrees; gets the Bottle, and as ſoon as Night comes, is as merrily emptied into Cans of Beer and Sugar: Then here is ſhaking Hands with theſe Fellows, they ſwearing how kind they will be to him, at the ſame Time intend no more Kindneſs than they do of running their Heads againſt the Main-maſt. Next Day, or as ſoon as poſſible, the Stranger writes to his Wife, deſiring her to ſend him ſome Liquors a-board with all Expedition before the Ship ſails. The good Woman receives the Letter, and ſhews it to ſome old fooliſh Ale-draper, or cunning Chandler-Shop Woman, directly, who adviſe her not to ſend him any, for it will only make an ill Husband; for as there is enough of the beſt of Victuals and Drink on Board, what can he deſire more? She had better keep it for her poor Family, (ſay they) and tell her to be ſure not to anſwer his Letter to run herſelf to charge, and ſhe'll hear no more of it: The poor Woman, not knowing the ill Conſequences that will certainly follow, takes their Inſtructions, which, too ſoon, proves the Deſtruction of her and her Family.

The poor Husband every Poſt expects his Requeſts to his Wife to be anſwered; but finding to the contrary, grows uneaſy and careleſs, and inſtead of keeping himſelf clean, and brisk about his Buſineſs, hinders his Time in telling every fooliſh Jack-Addle his Misfortune that will hear him, who inſtead of pitying him, will, as ſoon as his Back is turned, laugh at him, alſo cauſe others to do the ſame before he is aware of it.

After a Fortnight's Uneaſineſs, or thereabouts, he writes again, tho' all to no Purpoſe. All this while he deals privately for a Bottle now and-then, with this kind *Judas* Meſs-mate, who is biting his Head off, if roguiſh Dealings will do it.——Now they begin to plague him with Packets——perhaps, while he is eating his Dinner, the Word ſhall be paſſed for him to come upon Deck, to take care of his Things: Up he runs, full of Joy, thinking his Wife had done as he ordered her; when they immediately fall a laughing and ſwearing as if bewitch'd; down he goes like a Dog that had burnt his Tail; is alſo

laugh'd at below by his Meſs-mates and others; and while he is fretting and fuming at his being ſerved ſo, the Boat-ſwain pipes all Hands upon Deck; ſo he is forced to go up without having half his Belly full. At Night after the Corporal has put out the Candles, then their Game begins again; one calling out to the other, asking him, *If he knows the Teminochy that came on Board without his Liquor; and let his Wife take it back for fear he ſhould defile the King's Ship by getting drunk. No, I don't know him; Who is he?* ſays the other; *Why he is a tall likely Fellow with his own black Hair in a blue Jacket, and meſſes with the Yeoman of the Nippers, and uſed to piſs in his Wife's Punch-Bowl. No, no,* ſays another, *his Name is* Peter Neceſſary, *that piſs'd in his Wife's Ear, to cure her of the Tooth-ach. Ay,* ſays another, *I know him; their Birth 's abruſt the Bitts o'the Starboard-Side. That Fellow is dead already; he'll be one of the Crying-Culls, and come to the Scrub-Tub by-and-by.*

*ON Board a great Ship, when poor Men, generally preſt Men, have loſt their Hearts or Courage on Account of their wanting a clean Shirt, a Bed, and ſomething to make them chearful, and afterwards meet with one Diſappointment or other from their imagined Friends; then they begin to skulk, or appear leaſt in Sight; then the* Lice *give them ſuch terrible Aſſaults, both in their Cloaths and Bodies: It is common, after Complaint is made to the Captain, of a Man being louſy, to have the Man and his Bedding brought upon Deck: Such Sights are ſo incredibly ſtrange, as to the Swarms, and Bigneſs of the Vermin, that a Perſon would be thought a grand Liar, was he to mention but the one Half of Truth. But this is their Method to clear them if poſſible: All the Man's Things are directly thrown Overboard; then he is ſtrip'd naked, and ſet in a Tub of Salt-Water, upon Deck; and ſcrub'd with Bruſhes to get them out of his Skin, which very often the Lice will eat large Holes in before the poor Mau is found out.*

THE poor Fellow, all the While, hearing what they ſay, cannot help ragging them again; which, is what they

want; and ſo perhaps half a Dozen at a Time, ſhall be exerciſing their *Billingſgate* Faculties on the Stranger, till they fall aſleep. Theſe Things continually following one another, grate and vex him to his very Soul; and now, for want of a clean Shirt, his Fingers are too often at his Neck and Breeches; and he now-and-then gets a hearty Shrug privately, 'till he is ey'd at length; as he is moping about, comes a Boatſwain's Buffer, looks over his Shoulder, as if he was a St. *Dunſtan*; and tho' his Face may not altogether be ſo diſmal as the Devil's is painted; his Voice is as frightful, with a large damn his Blood, and a Smack over his Back; (which commonly comes firſt) *Why does he not keep himſelf clean? He'll fill the Ship full of Lice and be damn'd to him.* The poor Fellow gets off as faſt as he can, and from that Time keeps out of the Way: After this he proffers himſelf to help the Cook, but being refus'd he skulks, and keeps in his Hammock, and can't, or won't, come to his Victuals: At laſt he is ſeized with a violent Fever, and commonly, in about four or five Days, will be raving mad, and which often carries them off. Our ſick Man, among others, is then carried on Shoar to Sick-Quarters, if the Ship rides at the *Nore*, *Downs*, *Spithead*, or other Places, near the Land, where they are allowed by the King to be one Month. And for which there is allow'd to the People that nurſe them, one Pound two Shillings. Perhaps in about a Fortnight's Time our ſick Man begins to creep about, wiſhing every Moment to be at Home with his Wife and Family. The Landlord, (at the Sick-Quarters) and he, ſoon come to an Underſtanding, who puts a Shilling or two in his Pocket; away he comes, with two Shoes and never a Heel, a long Beard, black Shirt, ragged Coat, more fitter for a Scarecrow than a Champion to fight through the Weapons of Love. At laſt Home he comes to his Wife, who is more ſurpriz'd than rejoic'd at the Sight of him. He tells her his Misfortunes, and how they came to paſs, and how he very narrowly eſcaped Death, and withal wonders ſhe did not anſwer his Letters: And, that he was forced to make away with his Things in a very fooliſh Manner, depending upon her ſending him what he wanted. She denies receiving any Letter, and ſo bids him ſay no more about it, and falls a Crying: Then he asks for ſomething to eat and drink, ſhe gets him ſome Bread and Cheeſe, and ſends for a

Full-Pot of Beer. In comes old *Slabberchin* with the Beer——looks on the Man——*What! You have run away from your Ship. Do you pay for the Beer? I do not think to truſt you any more, for yau owe me a long Score already, and if you ſhould be taken up and hang'd for a Deſerter; I don't know who the dickens will pay my Score off.* Away he goes; preſently in comes a She-Viſitor, about as fooliſh as the other was ſaucy——*You are welcome Home Neighbour——But I am ſorry to hear the News. What News?* ſays the Man. *Why, I hear you are run away from your Ship, and that you'll be taken up and hang'd for a Deſerter!——I heard Mr.* Slabberchin *ſay ſo before a whole Room full of People juſt now.* The poor Man being ſo teaz'd, that he can ſcarce eat a Mouthful of Victuals, at laſt turns into Bed, to be quiet if he can——At Night the Wife comes, here he has a more ſevere Boatſwain to deal with, than he had on Board the Man of War; for he on Board is ſatisfied if he bids a Man go up the Foothook-Shrouds into the Main-Top, if the Man goes willingly. But a She-Boatſwain expects a Man to get into her Main-Top without bidding. And ſuppoſing he does, if he cannot drive in the Fyd, he had much better keep down, and box her Monkey another Time, when he is better able——But this won't do; ſhe is not pleaſed with his clumſy Performance, and bids him *go where he had been before*, for ſhe did *not want his Company*; ſo tells him to *go on Board his Ship again, and not come under her Noſe to be hang'd, and bring her to Diſgrace.* He bids her *be eaſy, and he'll go on Board, and all will be well.*——But all won't do. The next Morning away he goes to his Bumaree, or Uſurer, and tells him his Misfortune (the naked Truth:) Old Gripe, ſeeing him in ſuch a Condition, will ſcarce hear him ſpeak: At laſt tells him, he *won't let him have one Farthing, without it was to have him well hang'd for a cheating Rogue, in borrowing his Money, then make away with his Things, and afterwards run away from his Ship like a cowardly Villain.* The Man tells him, he is not run away; but it is all to no Purpoſe, he bids him *go about his Buſineſs; take himſelf away, and come no more to him.* After this Diſappointment, with a leaden Heart and diſmal Look, he goes to another Acquaintance, who far from giving or lending him any Money, won't give him a Mug of Small-Beer, or a Cruſt of Bread. He then

ſteers

ſteers Home; tells his Wife of their Unkindneſs, who grows as ſullen as a Bear to him. In a little Time his Thoughts are ſo perplex'd about his returning on Board, and for the Loſs of his Things; the Unkindneſs of his Wife and Acquaintance; and cannot ſettle to any Buſineſs for fear of being taken; and being very poor in Cloaths, no body will employ him.

He then takes to lying in Bed two or three Days together, or more, 'till he's almoſt half-ſtarved; then he'll get up, and take a Pewter-Plate, or a Candleſtick, and ſell it, unknown to his Wife, to buy a little Victuals and Drink; ſo away to a Brandy-Shop where he is not known, and for a ſmall Matter makes himſelf Chearful for the preſent; drowning his Sorrow as he thinks.

Such is generally the Caſe of thoſe unfortunate Cuſtomers, abuſing themſelves and Families; and for which it is high Time an intire Stop was put to it by Perſons in Power: But then it is pity the Innocent ſhould be Sufferers more than the Guilty. *Father Abraham* pleaded hard with the All-ſeeing Providence on this Subject, and found more Favour, by Abundance, than is practic'd at preſent. But more of this hereafter.

As ſoon as the Wife finds it out, ſhe does the ſame for Vexation; and thus having offended their Friends, in borrowing their Money, and ſeeing no Probability of their being paid.——She reſorts to one Shop, he to another, where they are continually railing one againſt the other, 'till they clear the Houſe of all the ſmall Moveables: Then the Landlord, being inform'd of their Way of Life, ſeizes the reſt for Rent; when their Caſe is very miſerable; and ſhe, from a modeſt, ſober Woman before, becomes a Proſtitute to any Apprentice Boy, and for any ſmall Trifle.

*NOW this is ſpoiling a Breed with a Witneſs! And ſuch is generally the Caſe in a ſeventy Gun Ship, or larger, at leaſt Thirty or Forty out of a Ship's Company, beſides what die on Board, and in Sick Quarters on Shoar, and the Ship never out at Sea.——The Surgeon and his Mates are likewiſe hurried almoſt out of their Lives, by attending on thoſe poor Men above-mention'd; who ſeldom, that Voyage, do their Country one Pennyworth of Service; but help to run the Nation in*

*Debt*

*Debt for their Ill-Conduct, in not going into the Service as they ought to have done.*

I HAVE often made a particular Obſervation, and cannot remember out of ſome Hundreds I have ſail'd with, above Three, that were ſeiz'ed with the Ship's Diſtemper, (which is no more than Own-Siſter to a Goal-Diſtemper on Shoar) if they had any Liquor in their Cheſts; and them Three were forc'd or preſs'd Men, and Love-ſick in the Bargain. Two of them died.

Now, as this is the ſure deplorable Caſe of all poor Men and their Families (if they have any) and all for want of a little Liquor, to cheer them up, and put Life in their chilly Veins on a cold froſty Morning, or a haiſey windy Day, when a Noggin of hot Punch would be ten times more comfortable to the Hearts and Bellies, than another Coat, or Pea-Jacket, would be to their Backs. When the ſtinking Breezes and Sprays from the Sea will make a Man ſick to Death, and without he has Liquor to comfort him, he muſt die. What Man in his Senſes would run headlong to Deſtruction out of a Bravado; thinking himſelf a ſtronger, braver Fellow than he that gives him good Counſel. He likewiſe deceives his King and Country in deſiring Wages for Work he never did; and not only ſo, but hinders others from doing theirs: The King wants Men to fight and work the Ship, and not come on Board to be nurſed.

IF a King's-Ship was ordered on the Coaſt of *Scotland*, or at the Mouth of the River *Humber*, in *Yorkſhire*, to lie a Fortnight or thereabouts, in any of the Months from *October* to *March*, and had the beſt of Proviſions on Board, but no Strong Liquors to make Punch, or any Thing they like, I verily believe from the Bottom of my Heart, ſhe would not have Hands able to work her back again to the River of *Thames*; the Unwholſomneſs of the Climate would prove ſo poiſonous to their Conſtitutions, perhaps, kill half of them outright.——This I know by Experience.

*AND all that has been ſaid, or can be mentioned, is ſtill nothing to the main* Death-ſtaring-Article; *a ſmart Engagement with the Enemy; we don't know how ſoon we may have one, with twenty or thirty Line of Battle Ships, of ſeventy, eighty, ninety*

*ninety Guns, and upwards; when every* Engliſhman *is obliged to fight two of his Enemy, and not run away at the Third.*

Now what has been ſaid before, concerning the Health and Courage of the poor Men is only to ſeaſon them and make them fit for this Work, to preſerve the Strength of the Nation; by bravely defending his Majeſty's Ship; and not to hide and skulk, and ſo let the Enemy carry off forty or fifty Thouſand Pounds of the Nation's Money, beſides their own Bodies to Impriſonment, and all for want of Courage and Activity in ſetting on their roaring *Devil's-Bull-Dogs*, as they ought to have done; who are three or four Ton weight each, and muſt be ſpit in the Mouth and coax'd; forced in and out their Kennels; tickl'd under their Tail and Belly; otherwiſe they will not jump an Inch backward or forward——Are made to bark aloud, that their Biting may be fatal, are tumbled about in this Manner, with only eight Men to each Gun. And formerly the *Engliſh*, behaved ſo gallantly in this Reſpect, that the very Name of them became a Terror to all Nations in the known World. For it is here (after all the Buſtle of War) lies the very Pinch of the Ship-Strength of the Nation. In this hot Trial of Fire and Smoak, the Brave make themſelves known, and without them, a King's Ship is no more than a fine floating Sepulchre without, and a ſtinking Goal within; and one Day's ſharp and bloody Encounter with the Enemy is worth all the Money, if a Man has ſeven Years pay to him. It is enough to make a Man jump overboard to think thoſe brave Souls who dare, and do, ſtare Grim-Death in the Face, ſhould be denied Taſting the Juice of their own Country Grapes to cheer up their gloomy Spirits, and panting Hearts!

*Brave warlike Souls of* Engliſh *Blood ſo ſtout,*
*Will fight on Stumps, tho' Guts are fallen out.*

I WOULD ask any reaſonable Man, in caſe he was on board a King's Ship eating his dinner, in a Bowl of good Peaſe, and a Piece of Pork, with his Meſs-mates; when on a ſudden, (them on the Watch which always is kept very ſtrict, Day and Night) ſhould ſee the Enemy bearing down directly upon them, and preparing to do what Miſchief

Miſchief they can——*Here!* all Hands are call'd, every Man and Boy, before knowing his Station. Here Father and Sons, Brothers, and Meſs-mates, are parted; ſome aloft, and ſome below; ſome at Head and ſome at Stern; where, it often happens they ſee one another no more. In this Hurry-ſcurry of Fear and Trembling, the firſt would be done, the Throwing their Peaſe Over-board, and locking up their Pork in their Cheſts. Next is, up Hammocks and down Cheſts; (that is) every Man takes down his Bed, bound up in his Hammock, from the Place it hangs, and carries it upon Quarter-deck, where they are plac'd and laſh'd round to keep off the ſmall Shott—(Like the Fence of a Nobleman's Park)—Next every Man's Cheſt, that is in the way of playing the Guns, in and out of the Ports, is pitched down the Hold, (without Exception) the ſtronger the Cheſt, the better for the Owner. Perhaps a hot Engagement enſues, and laſts for ſeveral Hours, where a Man, with the hard Labour of running the Gun in and out, and the heat of Powder from the Touch-hole, the Stink of the Spunge; that he'll ſoon be as weak as a Rat, (having but half his Dinner in his Belly) ſick to death, as black as a Toad in the Face, and attended with an aching Heart, may be, on account of helping to throw over-board two or three of his Meſs-mates, or others, quartered at the ſame Gun, that have been cut off by Shot juſt under his Noſe. Now, in this Caſe, which every Man muſt expect (though it may never happen to him) that goes to ſerve his Country, no better Fate, than to loſe his Life, to defend his King and Country; if he be a true born Engliſhman.

Now, what would a poor Man give, or what would he not give, in this hot Trial, for a half Pint, or Pint of Punch, or ſomething as comfortable in his Pocket. (He cannot come at his Cheſt, becauſe 'tis down in the Hold) But at the worſt, if he has ſome Strong Liquor, he may get ſome of the Ship's Beer, and having ſome Sugar to mix with it; he, and his Fellow Sufferers joining their Stock of Liquor they make a Mingle, and drink cheerfully round: They become ſo far from being fearful, that they are ready to fight their Double-Round and Partridge-Shot over again: Such was always the Courage of the *Engliſh*, and I hope ever will be.

I BELIEVE no Man in his Senſes can think that a Man can keep up his Courage, in ſuch terrible Trials, by eating Beef,

Beef or Pudding, Pork or Bread, Butter and Cheese (if he could come at it) but it happens that he cannot come at it, because his Chest is down the Hold. And supposing, any Man's Chest, to be the last thrown, and in sight, that he can come at it; I cannot conceive what Stomach he can have, or desire to open his Chest, and cut off a Piece of Beef or Pork, without it be to make a Trunnel or Stopper for his Arse, to keep his Heart from dropping out: As it happened to some *English*, as *Dutchmen* say, when their brave Admiral *Van Trump* gave the *English* such terrible Broadsides; that frightened the then Duke of *York* (afterwards King *James* the second of *England*) who was then Chief-Admiral of the *English* Fleet, almost out of his Wits; and caused several of the private Men, who were obliged to ease themselves between Decks, to drop their Hearts with their Dung, occasioned by their Fright. And from that Time, 'tis remark'd of an *Englishman*, that he never eases himself in an open Place, but he turns about in a hurry, and looks to see if he does not leave his Heart behind him.

All the Cunning that was used by the *Dutch* Admiral to make his Men so fierce was, that he ordered every Man half a Pint of Gin just as they engaged; and had, unknown to them, put Gunpowder in the Gin. But, be that as it will, 'tis well remembred by Hundreds now living, that the *English* had their Bellies full of Fighting, as well as the *Dutch*.

But in those Days, a Man had plenty of Liquor, if he would; a Quartern of the best *French* Brandy being sold for Two-pence; so that no Man wanted Courage that could purchase it.

*In the taking of* Gibraltar, *where the* Jack-Addles, *being flush'd with Liquor, and good Words from their Commanders (his Grace the Duke of* Ormond, *and Sir* George Rook,) *star'd Death in the Face, and bid him Defiance: For although the Enemy blew up several Hundreds of them at a time; still!* Come on brave Boys, *was their Cry, till they had gain'd the Victory. At* Vigo, *they also did Wonders under the same Commanders!*

BUT, I would not have any one to think, that *Engliſhmen* can do ſuch brave Actions, with Beef and Pudding, or Pork and Peaſe, in their Bellies only;——No, 'tis the good Liquor, that gives the couragious Flaſh;—— and being charg'd with good Beef and Pudding, and ramm'd down with good Words, no People in the World can withſtand their great Strength or noble Courage, if they have fair play in the Ocean, and are not * *Gregg*'d in the Cabinet.

*IN the Reign of Queen* Anne, *what Wonders were done in* Flanders *by the brave* Engliſh *Soldiers, under the Command of his Grace the Duke of* Marlborough!

ONE Thing I remember more particular than the reſt, and I know ſeveral that were there, and actually were in the following, and ſeveral other Engagements.

*THE Battle at or upon* Hungary *Hill, firſt and laſt, was as great an Exploit of Valour as ever was done in the World. For, after the* Engliſh *performed ſuch a Day's March, as never was known to be done before, almoſt every Man being ready to drop with the Fatigue of the Journey; they had no ſooner entered their Tents, but their fell ſuch heavy Rains, that their whole Camp was under Water, and they forced to lie down in Tents to take their Reſt in the Water; which was enough to cool their Courage.*

BUT it happened to the *French*, as it does ſometimes to the *Engliſh* (Playing-Cardmakers) make Weapons for themſelves. For they, the *French* Sutlers, or any Perſons, were permitted to ſell Gin, or other Liquors, among the Soldiers in the Camp, and which were ſold in abundance, and being very cheap was drank as plentifully by the poor Men; who notwithſtanding all their Fatigue, and their new Frog Conſtitution, (which they little expected,) ſtill they aroſe in their wet Duds (brave Souls as they were,) and beat the Monſieurs, and all their

* In the Reign of Q. Anne, Gregg, Clerk to Secretary Harley, was drawn, hang'd, and quarter'd, at Tyburn, for betraying ſeveral Ships of War and Tranſports into the Hands of the French.

Enemies

Enemies round about them, to ſuch a Degree, that the Name of *Engliſhman* became more terrible among the Inhabitants than twenty Pope's Bulls, or thundring Excommunications from the College of Cardinals.

I DARE affirm, there are ſome Hundreds now alive in this Town, who were at this brave Expedition in *Flanders*, beſides a great many others during that hot War. I never heard one in my Life talk of thoſe brave Actions, but have ſaid, that ſometimes by very hard Marching in bad Weather, and many unforeſeen Accidents that befel them, and which their Officers, nor any Perſons belonging to them, could be blamed for; then being continually in one Skirmiſh or other with the Enemy, their Hearts would have been ſoon broke, and few or none of theſe brave Exploits been done, had it not been for their having great Plenty of Geneva and Tobacco, in moſt of their Campaigns. Many times their Tents were no ſooner pitched, when they expected to cook the the Kettle, and get a little Sleep, but their Tents were immediately ordered to be ſtruck, and they obliged to turn out to face the Enemy, which no Man can do, without he is armed with Courage.

NOW when a poor Man cannot get Victuals to eat, and if he had it, has not Time nor Opportunity to eat it, Where can this poor Man's Strength or Courage proceed from, to look the Enemy in the Face, when at the ſame Time he is debarr'd from having ſomething in his Pocket to comfort him and puff up his bold Heart, though he cannot his Belly? But wanting this, and well knowing he's going to face grim Death, 'tis enough to make a Man clap his Mouth to the Muzzle of a Firelock, and draw the Trigger with his Garter, and ſo put an End to his miſerable March, after he has heartily curs'd thoſe who were the Cauſe of his Misfortunes.

IT happened, in the Reign of his late Majeſty King *George*, of glorious Memory, who had ſignalized himſelf many Times as a brave Soldier, and was an Eye-Witneſs of the *Engliſh* Bravery in many of the Exploits in the Wars, that the late Emperor of *Ruſſia* having ſome Difference with the *Swedes*, 'twas ſuppos'd his *Ruſſian* Majeſty would fall upon 'em and revenge his Cauſe: The *Swedes* applied themſelves to his Majeſty of *Great-Britain* for Help: Accordingly there was a brave Fleet of *Engliſh* Ships well mann'd ſent up the *Baltick* Seas,

where they lay off *Revel* for a conſiderable Time. In theſe Parts, as I mentioned before, every Man and Boy is allowed half a Pint of Btandy a Day by the King. At their firſt Arrival all Things ſeemed pretty well; but ſoon after there was ſuch a Sickneſs among the poor Men, almoſt throughout the whole Fleet, that they died like rotten Sheep. At firſt it was imagined that the *Ruſſians* had poiſoned their Water. Then they digged Wells themſelves; but found no Benefit: They then pitch'd large Tents on Shoar, and carried the ſick Men to the Tents; ſcraped the Ships all over within-ſide; and had vaſt Quantities of Vinegar from *England*, to waſh their Ships between Decks, and had freſh Supplies of Men from *England*; ſtill all to no Purpoſe. At laſt, Matters being, in ſome Meaſure, made eaſy between the two Powers, and our Fleet being in Expectation of being ordered Home, the Commanders were fearful they could not be able to work the Ships home, the poor Men dying ſo faſt, and others in ſo weak a Condition, and ſtill could find no help. There was a Day appointed by the Admiral, for all the Commanders to meet together, and go on Board of all the Ships, to inſpect their Proviſions, or any Thing they thought might be the unhappy Cauſe. It happening, that few or none of the Officers, were troubled with the Diſtemper in the leaſt. Accordingly, a Survey was made throughout the whole Fleet, to inſpect the Proviſions, but could find no Fault. Every Commander at the ſame time had a Liſt taken out of the Ships Books of their Dead and Sick. They came on Board one Ship, I think it was the *Captain*, a Seventy-Gun Ship, where the Men appeared very briſk in manning the Ship's-Side to accommodate the Commanders in coming on Board: The Commanders were ſurprized when they came among the Men, for ſcarce Two out of Three but what had the Impudence to wear the Duke of *Northumberland*'s Arms: They then ſearch'd the Proviſions, but could find no Fault: They then asked for the Liſt of the Dead and Sick, where finding very few had died, and none then ſick, they were in a Conſternation, and asked, what Liquor was allowed them a Day? The Commander told them a Pint of Brandy a Day to each, which was double their Allowanne from the King; and ſaid, they were ſuch a Pack of unruly Dogs, that he was no ſooner gone out of the Ship, but they were fighting,

and

and that was the Cauſe of their having ſuch battered Faces; but he had rather ſee them fight one another upon Deck than be informed they were fighting with Death in their Hammocks. The Commanders immediately ordered the ſame Allowance of Brandy on Board their own Ships; which had the deſired Effect on the poor Men, and few or none died afterwards.

I ONLY mention theſe Things, which were in a Manner done but Yeſterday; becauſe the learned Somebodies have inſinuated; that the Cuſtom of People's drinking Strong Liquors has been juſt now poured in upon them as if by ſome diabolical *Euroclydon*. But be it known to them, and all whom it may concern, That if they go into, almoſt, any Manſion or Farm-Houſe in the Country, in the Middle, or any Part of *England*, they will find, as a Relick, hung up, or carefully laid by, their Grandmother's Mother's, or Aunt's *Aqua-Vitæ* Bottle; which in them, and later Days, the good old Women were never without, no more, nor ſo much as they are now, becauſe is is againſt the Law forſooth.

AND the Difference that can be in the Effect of hurting the Body, either as to *Aqua-Vitæ*, or *Geneva*, is about the ſame as the Meaning of the Words *Maſquerade*, which is forbidden, and *Aſſembly*, which is not.

BUT in preſerving the Health of the Body, there is a great, good, ſure Difference in Quality attend thoſe who drink good *Engliſh* Geneva. No Perſon, either Man or Woman, was ever known to be afflicted with the diſmal racking Pangs of the Stone or Gravel: And there is nothing, if the Stones be paſſable, but what in drinking good *Engliſh* Geneva will force out of the Perſon's Body in a very eaſy Manner; and you the learned Somebodies are defied to prove to the contrary. But for Proof of its being Matter of Fact, I appeal to the Bills of Mortality, to compare the Numbers of thoſe that died about twenty Years ago, of the Stone and Gravel; whoever will give themſelves the Trouble to ſearch, I am ſure will be gladly ſurprized to find there is not one Quarter of the Number now die, or lately did, of that terrible Diſtemper, as did then.

AND this alſo you may inform the Doctor, whenever you ſail into his Mediteranean; and tell him likewiſe, what Proficients you are become, in Living not only to your King, but a whole Freight of his Friends, in *St. Stephen's*

*Stephen*'s-Chapel; and how you have out-done the famous Mr. *Fuller* the Cheat, in informing your Sovereign, that Thouſands of his Subjects were turned Drunkards in a Hurry, and would be ſo for Ages to come. And here you have out-done Mr. *Fuller* with as much Difference as there is between a Demi-Culverin and a Pocket-Piſtol; for he, poor Sinner, only gam'd a little about Things paſt; but you have ſwing'd it moſt damnably of Things paſt, preſent, and to come.

Also, that notwithſtanding you was ſure of Ruining ſome Hundreds of thoſe fooliſh Fellows the Diſtillers, ſtill you granted them Liberty of Conſcience to collect their Bread where-ever they could find it; even in the Heart and Strength (and of all Places, ought to be the moſt undiſturbed Part) of the Nation: I mean the City of *London*, the grand Bee-Hive of this Kingdom; and where the moſt noble in Spirit reſide. The noble Merchant not only entruſts, the ſometimes mercileſs Man, with his whole Eſtate, his own Life, his Wife, Children, and all that is near and dear to him; and all to obtain a little Liberty and Property for his Countrymen! And after all he has done, to fill his Hive with Honey, Here! ſhall a few Drone-Bees and Waſps, have the Impudence, (ſure it cannot be Ignorance) to pretend to tolerate, not only themſelves, but all other Drones, to come and eat that Honey they never ſearch'd one Suckle for.

For if the unfortunate Diſtillers, whether *Frenchmen*, Foreigners, or what they will, be depriv'd of their Bread, rather than ſtarve they will rob, (they ſay they are tolerated to follow any Employ) ſo, after they have done all the Miſchief they can, then ſail Home, to the Lord Mayor of *London*, and he is obliged to take them in, by Act of Parliament. I believe there are abundance of Ticket, and other Porters, already, that can ſcarce maintain their Families, that are true and lawful Freemen by Servitude, what muſt become of them I won't pretend to ſay: But I think it is very odd for an Oracle of Equity to be concern'd in ſuch Injunctions:——I doubt too much Learning has made them Mad.

Moreover, that you have cauſed about Five Hundred noiſy Coopers, in and about *London*, and alſo the Back-Makers; a great many dirty Smiths and Braziers; the hawling Orange and Lemon Sellers; Glaſs Sellers, and others, to be as quiet as Lambs; alſo ſome Thouſands of

porterly

porterly Fellows, who were grown ſo ſturdy and ſaucy, that they would threaten you if you came in their Way when they had a Load on their Back, to throw you and your Chariot over. But that you are reſolved to bring each of their Families to an Allowance of a Penny-Loaf a Day: And then, in a very little Time, you intended to take away that too: That you had an old Grudge againſt all Coffee-Houſes, and Punch-Houſes, where you have formerly heartily curſed; but in your Opinion ſuch idle Places are fit for nothing but caballing, and making Shop-keepers neglect their Buſineſs, and ſpend their precious Moments at Tables, and Back-Gammon, which is againſt the Law; ſo are reſolved to down with them Root and Branch.

That you was going to make thoſe People, who live on the Sea-Coaſt of *Kent*, *Eſſex*, *Suſſex*, *Hampſhire*, *Dorſetſhire*, *Devonſhire*, *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, to live ſoberly and not drink Strong Liquors, notwithſtanding they may have Agues twice a Day inſtead of once: Alſo, if the ſturdy Ones ſhould turn Smuglers, and ſo be hanged for their Pains, then you would have a fine Collection of Marrow-Bones, for the Satisfaction of the Curious at *Surgeons*-Hall. At the ſame Time let the World know, it was done at the ſole Charge of Sir *Maximilian Mummy-Skull* and Comp. *M. D. F. R. S. P. B.* Lovers of their Country; ſome Times dwelling in *Chancery* Lane, or thereabouts.

That you intended yourſelves a greater Name, than Don *Quixote*, for he only fought one Windmil, ond was beat; but ye have over-thrown a whole Iſland of Windmills, and intend ſhortly to force the * Ram-headed Millers and their virtuous Spouſes, from their *Iſle of Dogs*, to tranſport themſelves to *Georgia*, or elſewhere; with intent, without doubt (according to your profound Wiſdoms) to be Strengtheners of the Nation; where, no doubt, they may have as much Reaſon to brag of their Allowance, as *Sancho* had when he was made Governor of *Batavia*; and being invited to a Feaſt had every Diſh of Meat taken away by Order of his Phyſicians, forſooth, before he had taſted it.

But here again, your Doctorſhips have made him a meer Loblolly in compariſon to you; for *Sancho* perhaps might have a Lick and a Smell; as to theſe, they are cloy'd

* The ſuppoſed Juriſdiction of the Charlton, or Horn Fair Verge of the Court.

cloy'd of Licking, Smelling, Feeling, and Tafting of every Thing but Poverty.

MOREOVER, notwithſtanding your pretended Zeal for the Love of your Country; you almoſt every Day act the Part of Rebels againſt your King, in drinking Bottles of *French* Wine after Dinner; beſides what you drank at Night, and ſo went drunk to Bed; whereby you not only brake the King's Commandment, but filled your Veins with the Juice of Popery; and if ever your Stinkſhips ſhould come back from the Doctor, you may ſtand a Chance to be appointed Miſſionaries, and ſent Abroad and ſerved as the two Quakers were, who went to *Rome* to convert the Pope: Firſt, you ſhould ſail to the *Great Mogul* and perſuade him to forbid his People drinking Arrack. Thence to the Governor of *Jamaica*, to perſuade their innocent People from drinking Rum, Punch, and Kill Devil; thence to *France* to tell the *Monſieurs*, that if they do not give over drinking Brandy, it would be the Deſtruction of Thouſands of them, unto the third and fourth Generation. Thence to *Holland*, and there convert the *Mynheer-Van-Hogen-Dogens* from drinking Gin; and where you will undoubtedly meet with your Reward by being ſent to the Raſp-Houſe, or Pump-Houſe: But before you proceed upon your Voyage, I'd adviſe you to do one Thing, if you have any Value for yourſelves, that you would bring out your Coaches, Chariots and Harneſs, and burn them in ſome open Place, and ſell your Horſes, and give the Money to the poor Coopers, Backmakers, and Braziers Wives and Children, to make an Attonement for your being the Cauſe of the ſtarving them and their Families; otherwiſe, if the Women ſhould happen to meet you in the Lower-Regions then there would be ſtrange ſcratching Work; and their Adzes, Croziers, Axes, and Double-headed Mauls, lay on your poor Water-Gruel Carcaſſes, and Bone-Bags; and where you will be ſerved up with a Diſſert of Curſes, of all poor People, *that travel by Land* and *by Water*; moſt *Women labouring with Child*; *all ſick Perſons and young Children*; *all Priſoners and Captives*;——For, what a miſerable Thing it is! as People, both Abroad and at Home, at one Time or another, ſhall be ſeized with the Cholick, Gripes, and Abundance of unforſeen Accidents, that no Perſon, even the Wiſeſt amongſt us, can be arm'd againſt;

againſt: Nay be curſed even by their own Horſes, if they could ſpeak; (if the Gin-Act ſhould be ſtrictly obſerved) and they muſt die for want of preſent Help. I ſhall not pretend to ſay, as a certain Judge did, when he paſſed Sentence of Death on *Whitney* the Highwayman, that *the Blood of the Horſes will riſe up in Judgment againſt them*; but at the ſame time I appeal to the head Serjeant-Farrier, down to the loweſt Groom; that when a Horſe or Mare is ſeized with the Gripes, *&c.* Relief ſeldom can be had without the Help of ſome good *Engliſh* Gin.

And, if the Loſs of a poor Traveller be of ſo little Conſequence to the Strength of the Nation: Sure, the Loſs of a good Coach-Horſe of about thirty or forty Pounds Value, muſt be a terrible Misfortune to the Owner! In *Eſſex*, *Kent*, *Suſſex*, and other Counties in *England*, where the Strong-Beer that is ſold to poor Travellers is ſcarce a Degree milder than Vinegar, which is in all Probability like to be the Bane of many a ſtout Man or Woman, whoſe Income will not admit of their purchaſing Wine; which the rich Ones can, and do, always for themſelves on the Road; ſo are not, or cannot, be ſenſible of the extream Hardſhips of the well-meaning induſtrious, poor, Traveller: In Storms of Hail, Rain, Snow, or in an exceeding hard Froſt, Strong-Beer, without it be made hot, will not warm a poor Man or Woman; and then in the Time of Heating they will be backward in their Journey, leaſtwiſe, not forward. Again, there will be at leaſt Two-Pence their Liquor, which if it be not good, is all the Money thrown away.

*A Man may live in or near* London, *and yet half a Mile from a ſure, good Pot of Ready-Money Porter. A Man and his Wife, after a good Sunday's Dinner, having been at Church, or Meeting, in the Forenoon, ſhall have, we'll ſuppoſe, good Thoughts in their Heads, good Cloaths on their Backs, and nothing at the preſent to trouble them: But wanting ſomething to cheer their honeſt Hearts. To have their Bottle of Wine, is, perhaps almoſt one of their Week-Day's Labour; ſo it is not probable that can prudently do: Why! as Things ſtand at preſent, they muſt ſend to the Ale-houſe for a Full-Pot of Beer; which will be*

*brought with a Head like a Colly-Flower, with almoſt as many Colours as the Rainbow; a Complication of Ale, Mild-Beer, prick'd Two-penny, and whatſoever the Fool of a Landlord wants to diſpoſe of; as nauſeous to the Palate as a phyſical Potion, tho' not ſo Wholſome; If you ſend it back to, it is toſs'd out of that Pot into another, and ſo ſent back again, and the Meſſenger tells them that they do not know good Beer when they taſte it. Now, here's Three-Pence loſt, the People put out of Humour, and, perhaps, ſin more again God than they ſerved him in the Morning, If they had ſome Strong-Liquors, to mix with Water and Sugar, or Small-Beer, then theſe Ill conveniencies would not attend them.*

WHEREOF, if the Man or Woman had but a Penny, they might have half a Quartern of Cherry-Brandy, Aniſeed, Clove, Mint, or Carraway Water; or Geneva for three Farthings, and one Farthing's-worth of Gingerbread, they would ſoon be warm, and move on with a light Heart, 'till they come to Dinner, or Supper, and then fill their Bellies if they think proper.

*ONE Thing more you are in a ſad Miſtake about, and which makes me believe you are not* Engliſhmen, *or you would have better underſtood the Conſtitution of the good Women, which is no ſmall Part of the Strength of the Nation; young Ones and old Ones together: The young Ones are pretty Things, or Creatures, for a Man to play with ſometimes; and you may lead them, as gently as you pleaſe; but you may as well pretend to drive* Greenland *Bears!*

THAT thoſe patient Culls the Brewers, that gave you a pretty little Fee, for what you did to prevent thoſe poor Souls from wetting an Eye or two, now-and-then: If they had gone the right and ready Way to work, they ſhould have got it enacted, *That all the Women, old and young, ſhould be obliged to go to a Gin-Shop, and drink one Pint a Day, and that they ſhould have Sugar in the Bargain; but drink it they muſt.*

THEN

Then you might have gained your Point indeed, and kept your Gin 'till it turned to *Barbadoes* Citron-Water, and drank it yourſelves for them poor Creatures. I have had one myſelf fifteen Years, and I am ſtill Captain of my own Ship, and that is as much as I can ſay to ſpeak the Truth: But I have been obliged to fight my Wits, and ſo keep the Rule of the Roaſt, more by Craft than by Strength often times.

And as I give the Word of Command: If I have a Mind for a Leg of Mutton and Turnips for my Dinner; I then ſay, *My Dear, let there be a Shoulder of Mutton and Onions for Dinner to Day.* She will directly anſwers, *We had better have a Leg of Mutton and Turnips; for I know you love Broth, and we have not had one a great while. Let it be ſo*, then ſay I. If I have a Mind for a Gooſe for my Dinner, I ſay then, *My Dear, let there be a Pig got for Dinner to Day.* Then She replies, *I believe we had a Pig laſt, my Dear, we had better have a Gooſe; and you are a dear Lover of Apple-Sauce. Let it be ſo my Dear*, ſay I. Now in this Caſe I not only gain my Point, but keep my Ship ſteady in the Eye of the Wind; and ſo ſteer my Courſe 'till after Dinner, when every Sea runs calm: And as ſhe will not drink any *Pagan*-Broth, ever ſince ſome of the curſed *Jews* have become Maſter-dyers of that Weed, ſo I order a Bowl of precious Punch,—it is immediately done; and ſhe ſeems in a Manner as well pleaſed, as when I make her my Prize by Boarding her. By this Courſe of Sailing, I not only keep a profound Peace on Board, and have no Cabals, and not only ſo, but ſhe is always Debtor to me in my Journal of Indulgences; and always being in Debt, upon that Score, ſhe is as calm as if under the Equinoctial.

On the other Hand, If I was to ſay, *Peggy do this, or do that immediately; She, I believe, would either not do it at all, or bid me do it myſelf.* Then my Honour would riſe like a Furmety-Kettle, in not being obeyed: Then there would be ſuch a Hurrican, and Pother of Blood and Nouns, and ſuch like, we ſhould not ſee our Bums for Smoak.

But as it is natural for them, poor Creatures to lye, or ſwim on their Backs; ſo a Man muſt ſometimes ſteer them, and tell them of ſailing one Way, at the ſame time drive another; for you would ſwear ſome delighted in

nothing elſe but boxing their Compaſs backwards always: And which is the Reaſon of ſo many *Engliſh* Hulks being taken from their Moorings, by the noble *Dear-Joy* Commanders of, *Arrah by my Fait*, and are ſo much like them in their Talk and Actions; and make no more of letting go their Sheet-Anchor, upon an old cunning ſprawling *Engliſh* Widow, than they do of yoffling down a Quart of Whiskey in their *Kilkenny* Swilling-Tubs before Dinner.

And I ſhall tell you farther, That ſome of our Firſt-Rate *Engliſh* Ladies (who are deemed in Paradiſe by all Foreigners) inſiſt ſo much upon their Prerogatives, granted formerly to them; ſuch as ſit aloft at Table: And then, if a Man ſails out after Dinner, they expect always, fair Weather or foul, to have the Star-board Hand; and will tell you, that without their Advice there is no Good will be done, in ſteering the Ship; and that, was it not for them, we ſhould often, inſtead of running the Ship into *King-Road*, be forced back on the Rocks of *Scilly*, and ſo be fooliſhly daſh'd to Pieces. If you come to jaw them a little, about their running-a-head ſo faſt, they will tell you of the glorious Actions of the never to be forgotten Queens of *England*, *Elizabeth* and *Anne*, who, not only made foreign Subjects to tremble, but their Kings, Princes, and Governors likewiſe.——I once heard one of the Fair Sex ſay; That ſhe believed even her late Majeſty Queen *Caroline*, (whom I wiſh God had granted longer to have reigned over us: Tho' her Majeſty was not a Native by Birth, yet was by Servitude; having been as many Years with us, as would have purchaſed ſome of the beſt Eſtates in *England*; ſo might be properly called an *Engliſhwoman*) if there had been a Neceſſity of Honour for her to have exerted her Royal Courage, there would have been as good Hopes of her Succeſs to a Title, as in thoſe Two brave Royal-*Engliſh*-Bloods the renowned Queens before-mentioned.

Now, as concerning the Fair-Sex, you may likewiſe inform the Doctor (which will be the laſt Part of your Packet) That we certainly are bleſt, at preſent, with as beautiful, virtuous, modeſt, motherly Women, of all Ranks, as any in the World; we hope, and not without good Grounds, That there are One Thouſand good Ones to one bad One at leaſt; That there no Witches are among them,

them, but what are among the young Ones. And notwithſtanding you have cauſed the Doctor's Rice-Tea, *alias*, Arrack-Punch, *alias*, The Glory of the *Eaſt*, to be baniſhed out of this Kingdom; for which, as ſoon as the Doctor hears you have offended the good Women, (he well-knowing they loved Tea before his Departure) depend on it he will ſweat you Pirate-faſhion, by making you eat your *Mediterranean*-Paſſes with Vinegar and Muſtard; alſo your Candles: Then to ſtorming your Caſtle, and then to Keel-hauling you, which is the firſt Sweat; as to the reſt that follow you muſt take your Chance.

STILL we are reſolved to ſtand by our Wives with our Lives and Fortunes, and the more you ſtrive to vex them, the more we will love them and cheriſh them; and if you can cauſe them to be locked up in *Bridewell*, we will ſyrup them with a good Pop thro' the Key-Hole, and ſtand by them to the laſt Drop of Blood, becauſe they ſtared Death in the Face for the down-right Dint of Love they bore to their *Engliſh* Husbands, when they cut their Lordly-Rivals (*Danes*) Throats. Ever ſince that, we *Engliſh* have been remarked for ſuch kind Husbands, that were it poſſible for a Bridge to be laid over the Ocean we might poſſibly have half the Women in Chriſtendom come hither to ſeek their Fortunes: *Spaniſh*, *Portugueeſe*, *Italians*, *French*, *Dutch*, *Germans*, *Flanderkins*, *Genoeſe*, *Corſicans*, *Swedes*, *Danes* and *Ruſſians*, and all under the Notion of being more tenderly uſed. But theſe would be of little Service, excepting we ſerved them as Captain *Jammy Jammerſon*, the honeſt *Scotchman*, did one Hundred and twenty of the handſomeſt, young, clean limb'd *Scotchwomen*; whom he invited on Board to eat ſugar'd Burgoo, then ſail'd away with them to the *Weſt-Indies*, and ſold them for White-Negroes; which had lik'd to have ſpoil'd the Breed in *Scotland*; for to this Day clean-legg'd Women are almoſt as ſcarce there as Mermaids are aſhore. *Jammerſon*, afterwards, with the Money he got for his Negroes, freighted his Ship with Rum, and black Hogs. Soon after an honeſt Pirate met with him, and took him; and turn'd the whole Cargo into a Banquet of Roaſt-Pork, and Barbicue; Rum-Punch, and Kill-Devil; and being favourable to our *Sawney* Captain, he only maroon'd him to ſpoil him from being any more a Merchant. Hence it is, that few *Sawneys* will eat Roaſt-Pork, or drink Rum-Punch!

Punch!——Now Sir, as *Engliſh* Women are ſuch noble, ſuch valiant, and ſuch terrible Creatures; what Dunghill Pimp would leave them to be devoured by the venomous Jaws of Calumny or Ill-will? Who knows but there may be ſuch Monſters among theſe Perſecutors as are Women Haters? becauſe they cannot be bleſſed themſelves with any of their Charms in this Life, immediately go to revenge themſelves on the whole Sex. For my part, I will not debar mine, either eating, drinking, or wearing, without it be Calicoes or prohibited Silks. 'Tis my Advice, if they now and then, by chance, commit a Fault, let us tell them of it ſoftly, and as privately as poſſible, and ſhame their bad Actions by our own Virtues. For 'tis eaſier to beat the Devil into them than out of them. If my Neighbour's Wife gets fuddled; what! muſt I come Home and uſe mine ill upon her Account, and debar her from drinking?——No, I'll ſooner rejoice at my Wife's Conduct, and be ſorry for my Neighbour's Misfortune; for every Ship muſt ſwim on her own Bottom. But ſince the Mock-Beggars beforementioned have made ſuch a Pother, to make the World believe they, the Women, had ſpoil'd themſelves, and ruin'd their Children by drinking ſtrong Liquors; theſe good Women, return them Thanks for their Compliment, and thank them, that they are ſo kind to think on them at any Rate. But why ſhould the poor Women be charg'd with being Drunkards any more than the rich? Which is eaſily anſwered, Becauſe they are poor; therefore in conſequence they muſt be Drunkards, Spoilers of themſelves and Children, and every Thing that is bad; and all becauſe they think proper to make themſelves light-hearted, with a little Water and Orange, or Lemon, Sugar or Brandy, Rum or Gin, or what they can get their Husbands to beſtow upon 'em. But as to their being Drunkards, 'tis a grand notorious Lye, let it come from what Quarter of the World it will; and that they neither value nor fear what they can do or ſay. At the ſame Time, as the Seaſon comes on for Sporting at *New-market* or elſewhere, thoſe Women who have borne Children, not a few, and ſtill are Child-bearing, and likely ſo to be; likewiſe their Husbands, Drinkers of ſtrong Li-Liquors, and likely ſo to be, ſo long as they ſhall be able to purchaſe a Two Gallon Cag. Alſo their Children, Drinkers of ſtrong Liquors, and likely ſo to be.

Now,

Now, theſe Women give publick Notice or Challenge to all who are willing to ſport away a little Money, not only Phyſicians, Lawyers, Brewers and Vintners; but even Gameſters, Cockers, Jockeys, South-Sea Directors, Stock Jobbers, or any Money-Mongers whatſoever; that they intend to match their Cocks once in every Week, beginning the firſt *Monday* in *June* or *October* 1738. and ſo continue till either Party is either broke or tired.

And they do hereby more particularly challenge thoſe ſcandalous prerended knowing Conſtitutioniſts, and all whatſoever, to ſhew one hundred Boys and Girls, from one Year, to ſeven, eight, ten, or more Years of Age, to be ſtript naked in a publick Hall or Place that ſhall be appointed. Sometime before the ſaid firſt *Monday* in *June* or *October* next, 1738. and every *Monday* following, a Liſt ſhall be delivered of the Place of Abode of the Parents of ſuch Children, who are not to dwell out of the Bills of Mortality of the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. The Parents alſo of ſuch Children ſhall, if required make Affidavit before any Magiſtrate, that they have been for ſeveral Years Drinkers of ſtrong Liquors, and are ſo ſtill, otherwiſe their Children will not be wagered upon by the Parties abovementioned.

And further, that there will be nine Pounds nineteen Shillings and eleven Pence, lay'd as a Wager on each Child, againſt any Perſon whatſoever, without Exception, that will produce the like Number of Children born, and now living in the Bills of Martality; whoſe Parents likewiſe ſhall ſend a Liſt of their Names and Places of Abode, and be obliged to make Affidavit, that they are not at preſent, nor have been for ſeveral Years paſt, Drinkers of ſtrong Liquors, nor their Children.

It is alſo propoſed, that there ſhall be appointed two Arbitrators of each Side, and one Umpire, who ſhall all be reputed Gentlemen of honourable Principles; no Perſons that are, or have been Brewers, Phyſicians, Lawyers, Vintners, nor Diſtillers, ſhall be any ways employ'd in that reſpect of Arbitrators, *&c.* But they muſt be Fathers of Children, and under thirty, nor above fifty Years of Age.

These Gentlemen ſhall be ſworn to do Juſtice on either Side, without any Equivocation or mental Reſervation whatſoever. Alſo, theſe Gentlemen to be paid by each Party Share and Share alike; to the two Arbitrators

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ten Guineas each, and by each Party; and twenty Guineas to the Umpire, together with all their Expences to and from their Place of Abode, for each Day as they ſhall attend: And the Money to be paid them, that is to ſay, the four Sums of ten Guineas, as aforementioned, immediately at their Entrance of the Place to be appointed.

But theſe Gentlemen are not in the leaſt to interfere in the wagering Part on any account whatſoever; but only to declare the Truth, which Child or Children are the moſt fleſhy, ruddy complexioned, ſtrong, brisk, likely to live, and largeſt, according to their Years; allowing Weight for Inches on both Sides, according to their Diſcretion, thoſe that do not, nor never did drink ſtrong Liquors; and thoſe that now do, and frequently have done for ſeveral Years paſt.

Also, that the Parties chooſe their Arbitrators themſelves: But the right honouoable the Lord Mayor of *London* be humbly deſired, or any other Perſon in a high Station, to name the Umpire whom they think proper. That the Sums, on both Sides, be paid immediately into the Umpires Hands, before they begin to ſhow away, that is to ſay, nine hundred ninety nine Pounds, eleven Shillings and eight Pence, by each Party, beſides paying the Sums abovementioned, Share and Share alike, and other incident Charges as may accrue. But the Party who intends to bet on thoſe Children whoſe Parents frequently drink ſtrong Liquors inſiſt, that whoever the Gentleman choſen for Umpire happen to be, ſtill, they ſhall inſiſt on Land, or Bank, or good Security of *England* from him; for fear he ſhould happen to be-*Knight*-'em of their Money; as did a Caſhier in the *South-Sea* Company in the Year 1720.

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POST-

# POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR MAJOR,

I FEAR I may already have tired your Patience, but I could not well help ſcudding ſo long thro' the Wind to find out the Light-houſe call'd *Truth*, which is erected, not only on the *North* and *South Forelands*, but on all the *Midlands*, *Eaſt-lands* and *Weſt-lands* in the King's Dominions; where almoſt all are in a ſorrowful Lamentation for their ever renown'd Admiral *Puncho*. Whom I ſtill hope his Enemies (as a certain Mayor of *Queenborough* ſaid to Queen *Elizabeth*) have got the wrong Sow by the Ear.

I'LL now order my Fore-Tacque to the Cat-Head, and ſo come right down before the Wind to my Moorings; and firſt, inform you in part, that one Reaſon I reſent the ill Uſage of our dear noble Admiral, is, that lately I have found out (and without Feeing thoſe, that wear painted Frocks and Trowſers, in Doctors-Commons) that both you, and myſelf, and moſt of the Families of of the *Flips* and *Bumbo*'s, are very near of Kin to the moſt noble Family of the *Punchos*. And I hope as the Family of the *Punchos* have, they do ſtill keep, Kings, Princes, and the beſt of Quality company; not only in *England*, *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, but alſo in the *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*. Nay, in the *Eaſt-Indies* 'tis well known, that in order for Defence, inſtead of building a Fort immediately at their firſt coming, as our dear Friends the *Dutch* do, or building a Church as the *Portugueſe* do, (though generally more for being an Admiralty Office for their Inquiſirors, to find out ſome fat *Jews* or Hereticks, as they call them, to make Roaſt-Meat of their Carcaſſes, and Jack o'Lanthorns of their Eſtates, more than for pure Religion) the brave *Engliſhman*, far from being bloody minded, or fearful of Shadows, erects himſelf a Cottage; and, if he can but get

any of the Family of the moſt noble *Punchos* to be his Companions, he neither fears the cowardly *Portugueſe*, hogiſh *Dutchman*, proud *Spaniard*, nor even *Belzebub* with his whole Ship's Company of *Indian Joſſes*, nor their Bugbear *Pagan Moloch*'s: *Punch!* drives them all before him, come where they will.

How ſtrangely things are turn'd! Not many Months ago, ſcarce any Bargain was made in the City of *London*, even from a Merchant's Compting-houſe to a Cobler's Manſion-hall, but *Punch* was preſent. If a young Woman who had got a great Belly ſhould chance to be ask'd by any *Solomon* Churchwarden or Ove-ſeer, How came ſhe to do ſo? Who is the Father? and ſuch like Queſtions, ſhe'd reply, *Punch bid her*. Right or wrong *Punch* was blamed by their Wiſdoms, notwithſtanding he had not the leaſt Finger in the Pye. But being deemed a Court Favourite, they were reſolved to cut down his Hammock Head-foremaſt, and ſo fracture his poor dear Skull againſt an unmerciful Gun. If a Couple were married, *Punch* generally put them to Bed, and often was required to be placed by their Bedſide all Night, a Favour ſeldom granted to any one living, were he the ſon of a Peer. If a poor Citizen was ſaluted by a *Wood-ſtreet* Catchpole, (who is a Degree more terrible than Satan to the Publick at preſent, for he lets Men alone till they are dead) except Punch gets into the *Bunis-Adder*'s Head, and ſo by his preaching Peace to the Plaintiff, the poor Cit, for once gets clear of a ſtinking Frigate,——no matter whether of ſtarboard or larboard Side. If a Man had a firſt-born Son, and ſent for his Friends to be merry, on Mirth could be had without *Punch*; and if once he appears none doubts of being merry, but ſuch as are pipp'd or pox'd. If a deſerting *Jack-Addle* was condemned by a Court Martial to be hang'd, was ask'd what Parſon ſhould attend him conſtantly in the Bilboes to prepare him for his laſt Launch, he'd reply, *Punch* preached a light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches to him, and as to the reſt, ne'er mind the Weather.——Expecting more Sun-ſhine in the next World than ever he ſaw in this. If any miſchief happened by chance or wilful, either by Land or Sea, the Parties ſeldom agreed, without *Punch* firſt ſearched them, by jumping down their Throats and ſoftening their ſtony Hearts, and ſo turn them into a charitable Lump of

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Forgiveneſs, for which he ought, not only to be ſtil'd an Admiral, but Prince of Peace and good Humours.

Nay, if a Man thought himſelf a Cuckold, ſo abus'd his Wife, and turn'd her out of Doors, and ſhe obliged to go home to her Friends, (if ſhe had any) her Father might be for ſhooting her in his Paſſion, her Mother for burning her. Her crafty, fooliſh, nincompoop Husband inſiſts on a ſecond Portion with her. But perhaps her Father neither being able nor willing to give it,——What muſt be done then? Why a Day appointed for Parties too meet, and ſoon after meeting, *Punch* appearing, and Dame *Reaſon* attending, *Punch* immediately drives *Aſmodeus* out of the Man, who takes his Wife home again, *Punch* attending them to Bed, perhaps deſired to ſtand by their Bed-ſide all Night, to ſee fair Play, and without deſiring Fee or Reward for his Pains. This ſhews he was never deſigned for the Law. For when *Punch* once enters into Man or Woman he aſſuredly drives all evil Spirits out of them; ſo ſure as ſoft Muſick will clear the Air of them.

Oh *Punch!* thou ought'ſt to be deem'd a deify'd *Admiral-Pilot* rather than to be baniſhed (from thy dear mournful Friends and Relations) as an Enemy to thy King and Countrymen.

When the Prophet *Jonah* deſerted, as he thought, from the omnipotent, omnipreſent, Lord High Amiral of Admirals of all the Univerſe or Globe, that has been, or ever will be ſurrounded by any *Drake*'s or *Columbus*'s whatſoever, it is ſaid, that every Man on board the Ship *Jonah* was in, called upon his own God, which God was a ſmall Figure or Image, either made of Metal, Clay, or Wood, like an *Indian Joſs*, perhaps about the Bigneſs of a Man's Thumb: I am of opinion our Couſin *Punch* would have been of a hundred Times more Service to have been ſent for, and of more Help in their Diſtreſs than all their Gods, (except *Jonah*'s) had there been ten thouſand Times as many more as there would have been by their being called upon.

For theſe *Indian Pagan* Gods, are ſometimes made ſhitten ones by an unlucky *Engliſh Jack-Tar*, when neither they nor their Worſhippers, can tell who's the ſtinking Painter.

I ſhall not pretend to prove my Kinſman *Punch* an *Engliſh Dagon*, but this I know to be woefully true, that

ſince his Fall, and his Daughters Baniſhment, many a Man has loſt a good Dinner for want of their good Company: And that Landlords of Inns, Ale-houſes, and Coffee-houſes, will in a very ſhort Time have empty Houſes, or very bad Tenants on their Premiſes, and all for want of poor baniſhed *Punch*.

How theſe Things will make rich Pariſhes I know not, but am perſuaded that the Cobwebs will ſcarce be found in the vacant Births of their Work-houſes; by Reaſon of their being cramm'd with the Poor. And ſince *Punch*, having been ſuch a Favourite, and at moſt or all our grand Entertainments, not only with grown Perſons of all Ranks; but even their Children do not think any Company ſo pleaſing as *Punch*'s. What would the fineſt Puppet-Show that ever was ſhewn be, without Seignor *Punch* was at the Beginning and Ending of their innocent Merriment.

WHAT Pity it is then his Sentence cannot be reverſed?

As for what thoſe Doctors have inſinuated to their King, it is but very few Years ſince their Grand-Body, in a publick manner, in Print, adviſed all Perſons whatſoever to drink Punch, not made too ſtrong, inſtead of Malt-Liquor, to prevent them from having Fevers.

HERE happens to be ſtrange Extreams in their Opinions in ſcarce a Span of Time; as if they had been all a-ſleep between Decks, or skulk'd among the Ballaſt: Firſt, adviſe all People to drink Punch for their Health's ſake, and then perſuade their Sovereign to compel his Subjects from drinking Punch, and other wholſome Liquors. This ſhews as if the Men were mad; and (with humble Submiſſion) I believe, his M——y is the Firſt, either *Engliſh* or foreign Prince, that ever hindered his poor Subjects from drinking good Liquor, if they had Money to pay for it.

I HAVE read, of a Heathen Prince, that commanded his People ſhould not be compelled in their Drinking, but drink what ſeemed beſt to their Fancy; as we find it in the Book of *Eſther*, Chap. i. Ver. 5. *The King made a Feaſt unto all the People that were preſent in* Shuſhan *the Palace: Both unto Great and Small, ſeven Days in the Court of the Garden of the King's Palace.*

VER. 7. *And they gave them Drink in Veſſels of Gold (the Veſſels being divers one from another) and Royal-Wine in Abundance, according to the State of the King:* Ver. 8. proceeds——

AND

*AND the Drinking was according to the Law; none did compel: For the King had appointed all the Officers of his Houſe; that they ſhould do according to every Man's Pleaſure.*

If his preſent Majeſty King *George* (whom God grant long to reign over us) would be graciouſly pleaſed to order his Lord Chamberlain, or Lord High-Steward, to make us, his poor, induſtrious, laborious Subjects, a Feaſt, and reſtore our poor dear Admiral *Puncho* again, to his Royal Favour: We will not deſire to drink Royal-Wine, but be content to drink Royal-Gin, converted either into Punch, Flip, or Bumbo; notwithſtanding what his Phyſicians may intimate. And we farther moſt humbly hope his Majeſty will not be led by thoſe fawning Flatterers, as *Aſa* King of *Judah* was; who was ſo bewitched to the Advice of his Phyſicians that he even forgot God himſelf, 2 *Chron.* xv. Ver. 12.——*And* Aſa, *in the thirty and ninth Year of his Reign was diſeaſed in his Feet, until his Diſeaſe was exceeding great: Yet in his Diſeaſe he ſought not to the Lord but to the Phyſicians*, &c.

And we farther moſt humbly preſume to acquaint his Majeſty, That we, the honeſt induſtrious poor People, fear nothing this Side the Grave ſo much as offending our Sovereign Prince, well-knowing the ill Conſequences that muſt attend, and to whoſe Lot the Broken-Heads and Bloody-Noſes muſt fall. And therefore, with humble Submiſſion, hope, his Majeſty will not ſuffer us to be chaſtiſed with Scorpions inſtead of Whips, and without Fault in this Particular, by any of his Servants whatſoever. For if they have forgot the Conſtitutions of their Countrymen, we will remind them of it, at preſent, and at the ſame time not forget our Allegiance, as the ſtubborn *Jews* did; even Eleven Tribes, who having forſook their lawful Sovereign, occaſioned by his fooliſh Servants, at the ſame time loſt the Favour of their Almighty Sovereign, and at laſt were obliged, like managed *Greenland* Bears, to eat, drink, and worſhip before (by courteſying and bowing to) a Couple of Golden-Calves: 1 *Kings* Chap. xii. Ver. 28, 29.——*Behold thy Gods, O* Iſrael, *which brought thee up out of the Land of* Egypt.——*And he ſet the one in* Bethel, *and the other put he in* Dan. But, as there has been a great and too true a Complaint, laid before his Majeſty of the extream Wickedneſs of ſome of his Subjects, in their committing that abominable Crime

of

of Drunkenneſs; to which may be added a worſe if poſſible, ſuch as prophane Swearing, Curſing, *&c.* and other Immoralities, and for which there are Puniſhments for Delinquents; and it ought to be every Body's Buſineſs to uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to put, or cauſe to be put, ſuch Puniſhments in force: But inſtead of which it is almoſt become no Body's Buſineſs at all; even from the higheſt Prieſt to the loweſt Deacon.

If a Soldier commits any Crime, he is puniſh'd by his Colonel's Order, or ſome ſuperior Officer's, by bringing the Offender before a Court-Marſhal, *&c.* If a Sailor in the King's Service offends he is puniſh'd by the Admiral, Captain, or other Officer, by them deputed; but if a great Fault be committed, then by a Court-Marſhal, *&c.*

But the great Nuſance of all is among ſome of the poor People on Shoar, who are grown ſo wicked, that one would think it was almoſt impoſſible for them to be worſe: And which, I intend to prove whoſe Fault it is in a great Meaſure; and who have rendered themſelves very unprofitable Servants in their preſent Stations, for the good of theſe Kingdoms. I mean the Captains of Pariſhes, who are ſometimes called Shepherds, *&c.* Such as Rectors, Vicars, or other Paſtors, who, ſhall receive for the Cure of the Souls of their Flock, from one to ſeven or eight Hundred Pounds a Year. I would not be thought any (the leaſt) Enemy to their Holy Order, or Income; neither that their Lordſhips, the Right Reverend Biſhops, nor any of the poor inferior Clergy (who are ſome of them within one Point of the Compaſs of ſtarving already) are at all to blame. But thoſe pretended Shepherds who are almoſt become lukewarm to Zeal, and think themſelves good Shepherds if they Hoop and Hollow betimes in the Morning among the Fat-Sheep: But they would be much better Shepherds if they took care in muſtering and folding their Sheep in the Evening, by keeping a good Look-out for thoſe that are ſcabby or magotty, and not to loſe one Sheep, be he ever ſo bad, for want of a Halfpenny-worth of Tar; or let them become a Prey to ravenous Wolves.

A Rector, or Vicar of a Pariſh, by now-and-then keeping a ſincere private Look out, may eaſily get Information of a reprobate Pariſhioner. His own Eyes and Ears cannot deceive him; and his Time would be much better ſpent than in whole Afternoons at Drafts or Back-Gammon,

Gammon, or ſtuffing his Brains with State-Affairs, or Coffee-houſe Politicks. Theſe Reprobates, be they ever ſo vile or hardened in Drunkenneſs, or prophane Swearing, &c. ſtill they muſt not be loſt, if poſſible, but reformed by good ſoft Admonitions from their Paſtor in private, (for ſuch Reprobates are ſeldom found in publick Places of Worſhip) not in Church or Meeting.

HERE will be more ſpiritual Honour gain'd in reclaiming one of theſe poor Creatures, than in preaching to Ninety-nine ſubſtantial Yeomen.——*I ſay unto you, that likewiſe Joy ſhall be in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, more than over Ninety and nine juſt Perſons, which need no Repentance.* Luke xv. 7,

BUT ſuppoſing all good Words will have no Effect to reclaim them from exceſſive Drinking, prophane Swearing, and ſuch like; and they have the Impudence to bid Defiance, and abuſe their Paſtor for his Care in the Bargain,

THEN the Caſe being deſperate it muſt have a deſperate Cure. And as few Pariſhes, or Villages, are without a ſtout Whipping Poſt; a Beadle ought not to be without a good Cat with Nine-Tails: The Rector or Vicar of a Pariſh, if a Magiſtrate be at Hand, may acquaint him; by ſending a Line or two; otherwiſe ſend it to either of his Churchwardens; who ſending for their Beadle and Aſſiſtants, order him to ſeize the Delinquent, whether Man or Woman, from about the Age of Sixteen to Fifty Years; ſtrip them down to the Waiſt, (but if the Woman be with Child, let her only be tied to the Poſt a full Hour and not ſtripp'd) and give them not more than a Dozen Laſhes; for which the Beadle, and thoſe that help him, to have Ten Shillings; to be immediately paid them by the Churchwardens; whereof Five Shillings, at leaſt, to be the Beadle's Share. But in caſe there be no Blood drawn by ſuch Laſhing; not one Farthing to be paid to any of them. Alſo, that thoſe Tipling-Houſes, which ſuffered ſuch Drunkenneſs to be committed, be obliged to repay the ſaid Ten Shillings to the Pariſh-Officers; otherwiſe to be proſecuted with the utmoſt Severity, and forfeit their Licences, and ever after be deemed Enemies to their King and Country.

WITH what Horror, both in Town and Country, at Sea, a-ſhore, a Man may daily hear young Fellows, nay, even Boys, call upon their Creator (in a ſeeming Paſſion,

and

and without any Provocation) to damn their Souls; their Bodies; their precious Bloods; their precious Eyes; their Hearts; their Livers and Entrails; and their Parents to their very Teeth; who, perhaps, like old *Eli* the High-Prieſt, reproved them in the following Manner.

*NAY my Sons! for it is no good Report that I hear: Ye make the Lord's People to tranſgreſs*, 1 Sam. ii. 24, 25. *If any Man ſin againſt another, the Judge ſhall judge him: But if a Man ſin againſt the Lord, who ſhall intreat for him?* But theſe good Words from their antient Father, had no Effect on the wicked Sons.——It is ſaid, *ver*, 27. *There came a Man from God unto* Eli, *and ſaid unto him; thus ſaith the Lord.*——Ver. 29.——*Wherefore kick ye at my Sacrifice, and at mine Offerings, which I have commanded in my Habitation; and honoureſt thy Sons above me, to make yourſelves fat with the Chiefeſt of all my Offerings of* Iſrael *my People.* So that it is plain, *Eli* was puniſhed for not correcting his Sons; and it not only proved the Ruin of them, but their Father and Families alſo.

If a Man well dreſt happens to hear thoſe Reprobates above-mentioned, and chide them for ſo doing, it is Ten-to One but he is laugh'd and houghted at by them, and the reſt of their Companions; and rewarded with being damned for an old Son of a Bitch for his Pains. If a Man or Woman, in Years, meanly dreſt, was to pretend to admoniſh them; the firſt Dead-Cat, Turnip or Carrot-Top, that came to Hand (with a Volley of Oath and Curſes at the ſame time) flung in their Faces; and other ill Uſage as a Reward for their good Admonition. And if they are known, and Complaint made to a Magiſtrate; what with the Shuffles and Cuts, too commonly practic'd in the Peace-Law, that the Remedy to the Complainant is generally worſe than the Diſeaſe, and the Delinquent ſtill grows more wicked than before, 'till he brings himſelf from the End of a Halter to jump upon nothing. Now, ſhould a Rector, or Vicar, ſee or hear ſuch Wickedneſs in his Pariſh; or have even good Information from the Party aggrieved, or ſome good Chriſtian-like Man or Woman, or fatherly Houſe-keeper, (not from any raſcally Informer, who do ſuch Things for the Lucre of Gain, or Revenge; and have always proved the Bane to all good Undertakings) ſuch as he believes will tell the Truth; and go with the Beadle and point out the Wretch; take

him

him directly in his hot Blood, and give him a merry Dozen, that he may learn to dance to his Helliſh Muſick, while the Nine-tailed Puſs takes away ſome of his bad Blood; let him be whoſe Son or Servant he will. And if he be a meer Boy, let him be whipp'd Boy-faſhion, as practiced on Board a King's Ship. The Beadle afterwards has no Occaſion to trouble the Miniſter, but go to the Churchwardens, and producing the Miniſter's Note, to receive Five Shillings for himſelf and Aſſiſtance, which Money the Churchwarden is to charge the Pariſh in his Random Poor-Account.

I FANCY I hear ſome crop-eared Lawyers ſay, The Maſter or Father might bring his Action againſt the Miniſter and others, becauſe it is not the preſent Practice in the Law for Puniſhment. But I believe few Lawyers (except ſuch as the late honeſt Mr. *Wreathock*) would be concerned in any Cauſe againſt preſerving the Peace of God and of all Mankind.

BUT if there be any ſuch that would, I ſhould be glad to be informed for what Uſe Whipping-Poſts, and Cats with nine Tails, were made? —— To commit thoſe Wretches to *(Bridewell)* the Devil's Dancing-School; and keep them there a Month, or longer; the Conſequence commonly is, they come out half-ſtarved, ſick, louſy, and deſpiſed; and ten times more wicked, by their Companions Inſtructions, than before; and are only made Objects fit to be ſent to ſome Hoſpital or Work-houſe, and ſo become chargeable to the Commonwealth.——On the other Hand, having received their Reward they may peaceably go about their Buſineſs with what they have got for their Wickedneſs.

I HAVE often pitied the Shop-keepers; particularly in *Thames-ſtreet*, *London*, who pay great Rents for their Houſes, and cannot carry on their Affairs, without imploying thoſe poor People called Carmen, and Watermen; whoſe Servants are generally ſo vile, that at the leaſt Diſappointment in turning about their Carts or Boats, (without any Miſtake but their own) will call upon God to damn the Horſes, or Boats, and themſelves immediately, and to ſtrike them Deaf, Dumb, and Blind; and other Imprecations, not fit to be named. The Shop-keeper or his Servant is obliged to ſtand and hear theſe ſhocking Infidels; (or may be very much wrong'd by turning their Backs) and think every Minute's Time ſo ſpent, may be

be more to them (in hearing thoſe Wretches helliſh Language) than a Month's Labour would be. Still, as Things are at preſent, they patiently endure it. For if Complaint be made to a Magiſtrate, and the Delinquent is ſent to *Bridewell*; then their poor Maſters are put to a Nonplus by their Servants being abſent; and likewiſe their Families are great Sufferers by having a Horſe or Boat or two idle, and the Charge of the Caroon running on; or Boat going adrift or ſtaved to Pieces, or any other Miſchief.

But to prevent all this. A Complaint being made as aforeſaid; or to the Alderman; or to the neareſt Common-Council-Man at Hand, who by ordering the Beadle, or ſome proper Perſon with Aſſiſtants, to ſeize the Delinquent, and ſtrip him as before-mentioned, then tie him to the Tail of his Maſter's Cart, or neared Poſt at Hand, and give him a merry Dozen firſt: And if he refuſe to ask the Offended pardon, the Beadle to lay on 'till he does; in this Caſe, in about half an Hour the Diſpute may be begun and ended, and the Maſter have his Servant again at Liberty: And the Maſter or Dame of the Offender ſhall be obliged to pay the Beadle and his Aſſiſtants ten Shillings, or not ſuffered to be imployed in that Ward or Precinct any more; and they to ſtop ſuch Money of the Servant at the End of their Servitude; or not make them free, if Apprentices. But if they are Hirelings, or Journeymen, to ſtop it at Half a Crown *per* Week.

At the ſame time, the Reprobate cannot think he is hardly dealt by; for, whereas he called heartily to have his Blood, or Body, or both to be damned; or ſuch like Diſcipline.——He was accordingly waited upon.

So he may again, if he lik'd it.——Thoſe Cats are generally good Moufers, and ſeldom miſs their Game; and commonly keep the Hell-Rats from running a-head on Board a King's Ship more than all the Traps, that are in Chriſtendom, can do.

Tho' there are ſome that have ſaid, if the King would find Cat, they would find Back: But thoſe are like young Moroders taken by the Provoſt without the Camp (if ever they get clear) ſwoon away at the Sight of a Ten-penny Nail, or a Six-penny Hammer: So they ſwoon away at a poor, dumb, harmleſs Cat with one Tail, after they have been handſomly ſweated with one of his Majeſty's nine-tailed Ones. And who knows but in Time the

Frowns

Frowns of a *London* Beadle may be as awful as the Provoſts were in the late Wars in *Flanders*; whoſe Practice was as follows.

If a Provoſt catches a Moroder (Thief) plundering the People or not, ſo he be without the Line of the Camp, he directly ties his Hands cloſe down to his Right-Thigh; then he and his Aſſiſtants drive a great Nail into the neareſt Tree or Poſt they come at; and having Halters always ready, directly tuck the Priſoner up, without allowing him the leaſt Time more to ſay his Prayers, or to have one Kick for his Life, without it be with his Left-Leg: And for which the Provoſt is allowed Five Pounds, beſides his Pay, for every Man, (beſides what they have about them when they are hanged) and at the ſame Time the Provoſt is a good Man on Duty.

And if our *London*, or any Beadles had Power; eſpecially in Regard to thoſe wilful, fooliſh, Fellows, belonging to Drays, or Brick, Coal, Lime, Gardners, or other Carts, or Waggons, who notwithſtanding there is a Penalty of Ten Shillings to be paid by them, for riding on the Shafts, or in their Carts or Waggons, and having no Perſon to guide their Horſes; ſtill they daily do it, and are let go unmoleſted, without they commit Miſchief.

They frequently put poor People to great Inconveniencies, eſpecially thoſe with Burthens, who often are tumbled down by them; others have often great Damage done to their Cloaths; and now-and-then a Child killed; then the gaping, idle Booby beats his March; the Owner of the Car paying a ſmall Fine gets his Car and Horſes from the *Green-yard*, and there is an End of a poor, innocent Baby, leaving a ſorrowful Father and Mother. Now in this Caſe, if a Beadle had the Power in Part, in, and about this City, as a Provoſt has without the Camp; and having his Tackling ready about him, pulls down the Fellow, and at the Tail of the Cart he belongs to, give him his Allowance of one hearty Dozen immediately, then turn him and his Team about his Maſter's Buſineſs; but retain one Horſe, or ſomething of Value, for Payment of the Ten Shillings. But to prevent any Colluſion, or Favour from the Beadle; if there be no Blood drawn from the Booby's Back, the Beadle not intitled to one Penny.

I expect ſome, with a genteel air and a Pinch of Snuff between their Fingers, may ſay; What medling Fool is this? (meaning my Honour) To them I anſwer,

I would

would adviſe them either to ſerve God or Mammon, for they do not run the Riſque of a Wooden-Leg, or a Gold-Chain, as Officers in the King's-Service do; but are ſure of a Gold-Chain; excepting they chance to have a very Wooden-Head indeed. And I once more remind them; that a Chirurgeon of a Man of War is not ſent on Board to cure the Whole and Healthy, but the Sick and Wounded, as well in Mind as Body.

And if they think themſelves above Reproof, and give me a Paper Broad-Side in Anger: Let them hoiſt *Engliſh*-Colours, and not pretend to hoiſt *Grecian* or any Foreign Colours, as they know not how to ſtrike: As did the Wiſe, (in his own Conceit) Rev. ſtupid Mr. *Whiſton*, a few Years ago, againſt his Redeemer; and which were immediately ſhot over-board, by the late right honourable, non-parallel'd * Earl of *Nottingham* and *Winchelſea*; for which his Lordſhip was thank'd by all the good People of this Nation; or of the late infamous falſe *Greek* Interpreter of Holy Writ, † *Thomas Woolſton*, who was proved an *Incorrigible*, (worſe than can be named) at the Court of *King's-Bench* in *Guildhall*, *London*, the Right Honourable the late Lord Chancellor ** being then Attorney General, and proſecuted him in his preſent Majeſty's Suit.

Lastly, I let fly a Lower-Teer of Four and forty Pounders, with Double-Round and Partridge-Shot, from *Revelations*, iii. 15.——*I know thy Works, that thou art neither Cold nor Hot: I would thou wert Cold or Hot.* ——Ver. 16.——*So then, becauſe thou art Lukewarm, and neither Cold or Hot, I will ſpew thee out of my Mouth.*—Ver. 17.—*Becauſe thou ſayeſt I am rich, and increaſed with Goods, and have need of nothing: And knowweſt not that thou art wretched and miſerable, and poor, and blind, and naked.*

* See my Lord Nottingham's Anſwer to Mr. Whiſton's Letter concerning the Trinity.

† Thomas Woolſton died in the Rules of the King's Bench, 1732, being ordered Impriſonment for Life for notorious Blaſphemy.

** Sir Philip York, and W. Talbot, Eſq; Sollicitor General.

FINIS.